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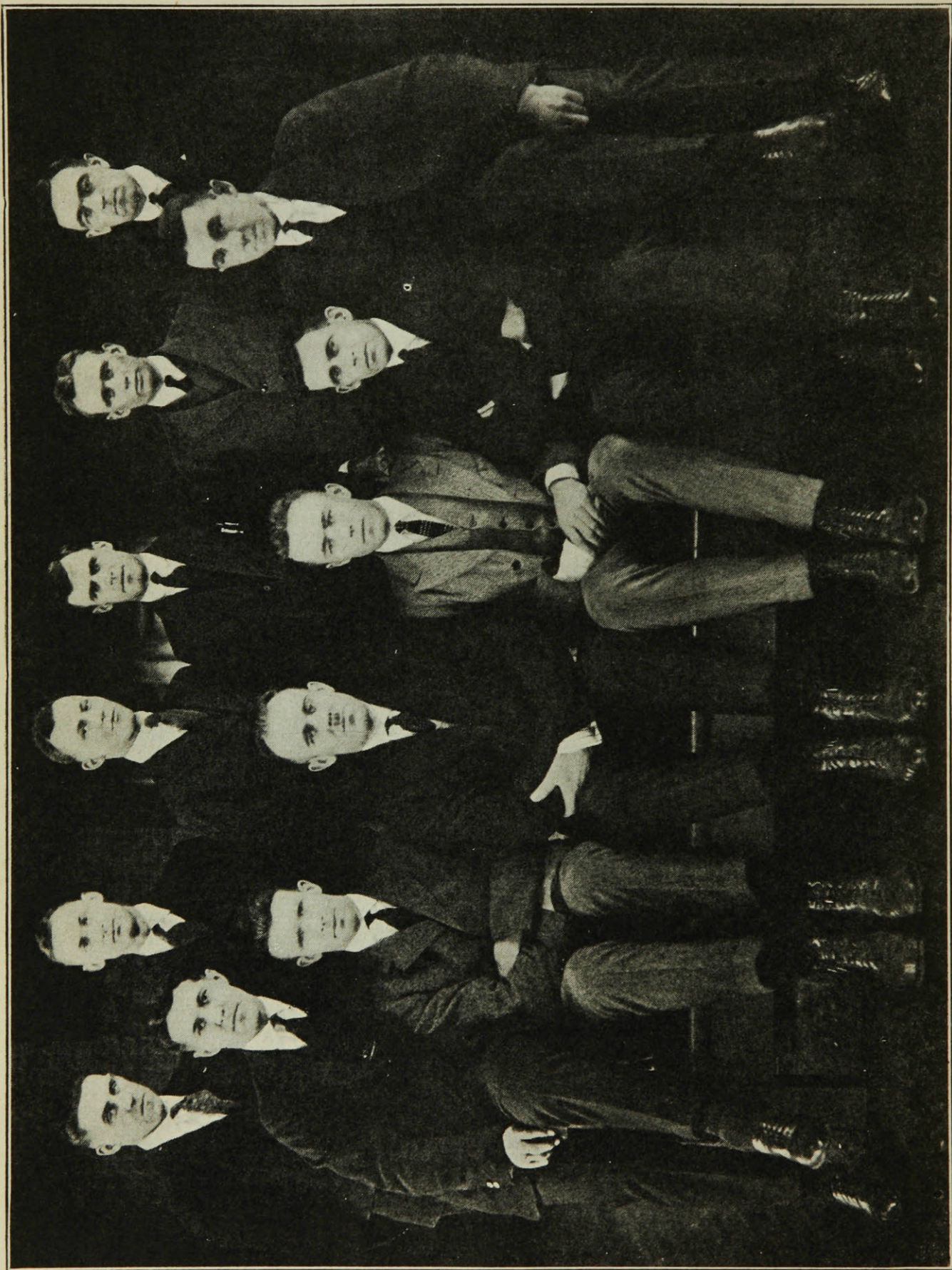
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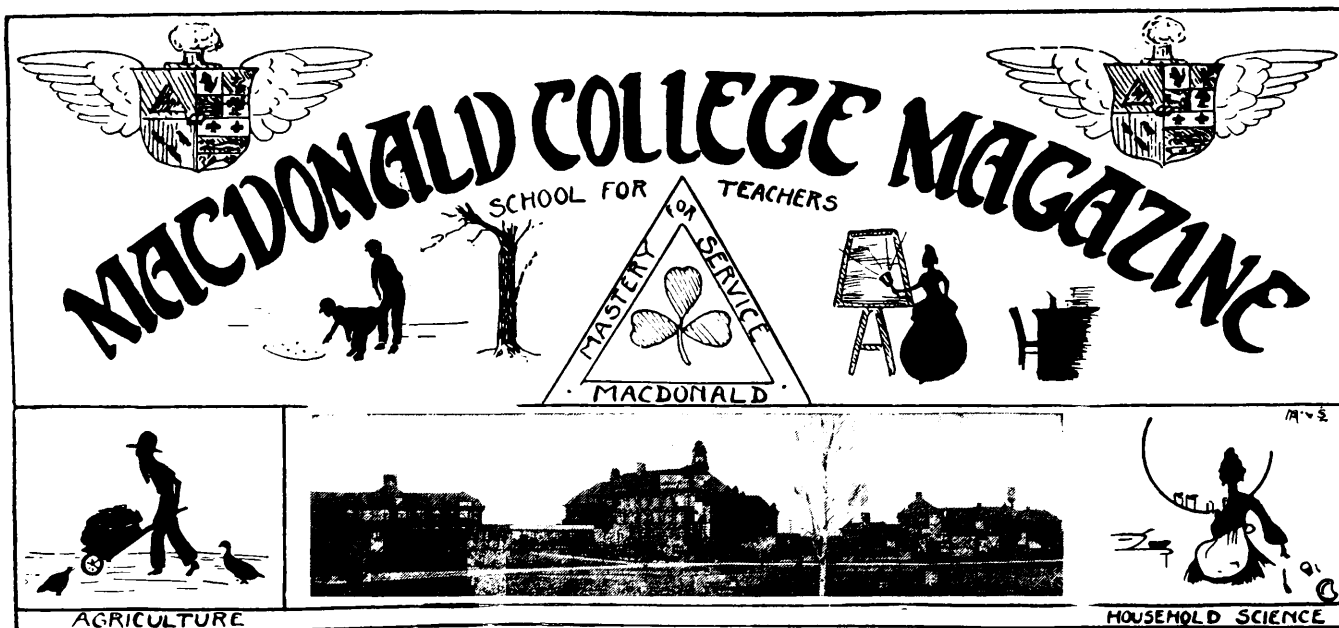
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A Tale Of The Western Seas

By H. R. Angell, Agr. '25

Third Prize Story—Story-writing. Competition.

What it was that led me in the direction of the museum, I cannot now remember. I was walking aimlessly along when the inscription over the door caught my eye. The sky was overcast, a few drops of rain were falling, and as it promised to be a heavy downpour, the thought struck me that the time would be better spent there than in walking along wet streets. I was fatigued by the exertions of the week, and perhaps the thought of an easy chair inside prompted the decision.

I was alone there. For some time nothing attracted my attention until I came to a secluded corner where there was a large cracked bell which had been recovered from the bottom of the sea at Port Royal. Beside it stood a statue of one of the influential seventeenth century residents of that port. Of still greater interest to me was a rust-eaten man-cage with the blanched bones of a full-grown man beside it. According to the catalogue, about fifty years ago this cage with the skeleton inside it

had been found in the valley of a river after a flood had washed over its banks, sweeping away with it large areas of soil, and leaving the cage and its gruesome contents exposed.

The cage was made of iron bars bent in such a manner as to conform exactly to the human frame. In the head-piece, the bar in front was fashioned with places for the forehead, nose and chin, and with a screw above, so that when the victim had been secured, it could be adjusted to prevent the slightest movement upward, while the closely fitting neck prevented any movement downward. Even the legs and feet had compartments especially designed to receive them. It looked like a production of the period of the Spanish Inquisition. I sat down in a comfortable chair before it, fascinated. My imagination pictured the poor struggling victim being bolted in by his persecutors.... The statue seemed to move towards me, and began to speak. Divining my thoughts it said,

"Oh yes, I know the history of that cage, and if you like I will tell you about it.

"During the seventeenth century many of the islands of the West Indies and the greater part of Central America were in possession of the Spaniards. These regions were regarded by the inhabitants of Europe as the El Dorado of the world, and many hardy adventurers, especially from England, were attracted by their glittering allurements. Many of these adventurers banded themselves together under leaders, acquired sea-going vessels, and sailed westward on piratical ventures. After their lust for plunder had been satiated by the ransacking of rich cities and murderous attacks on rich treasure ships, they almost invariably repaired to Port Royal, on the island of Jamaica, then regarded as the richest and wickedest city in the Western Hemisphere. There they spent their ill-gotten gains in drunkenness and revelry.

"One of those who achieved a certain degree of notoriety, was one who during his first eight years at sea, was engaged on an ordinary merchantman. In an unprovoked attack his thirst for piracy was awakened. His name was William Johnson. Even in his early youth he exhibited a passion for adventure, and so strongly did it develop that no wiser course seemed open to his parents than to allow him to follow his natural bent by apprenticing him as a midshipman on a vessel belonging to a line of sailing ships trading between the West Indies and England. So assiduously did he apply himself to his profession that in the course of a very few years, he was appointed captain. Sailing the western seas in that century was not without its hardships and perils, and perhaps it offered more

opportunities for developing the spirit of adventure, hardiness, disregard of danger and associated qualities, than any other sea route. Whenever a hostile vessel appeared on the horizon, if the other could not by her superior speed escape, there was no alternative but to accept the challenge of battle to death. Unlike other ships which seemed fated on nearly every voyage to meet some enemy, Johnson's craft sailed many peaceful voyages. Had he never called at West Indian ports and there heard accounts of attacks, he would have believed that hostile vessels were but creations of the strong imaginations of seafaring men. However, the day at last dawned when the long expected encounter was to decide whether or not his crew were the superior of their foes.

"On his thirteenth voyage from England, he had on board a heavy cargo to be delivered at a private wharf on the banks of a river which flowed past one of the largest estates in Jamaica. The voyage had proved one of the worst he had had the ill luck to experience. Storm after storm had overtaken his vessel, the sails had been badly torn, and on one particularly stormy day the masts had been swept overboard by a sudden, violent gust. Calm weather succeeded, during which his crew did their best to repair the damage. They were worn out by their ceaseless vigil and diminished allowance of food owing to their protracted voyage. At the time they were some ninety miles off Cuba, when a Spanish treasure ship, (armed as they soon learnt), with the wind in her favour, bore down upon them. No spectacle could have been more surprising to Johnson and his officers than this. They were literally astounded. Here was a Spanish treasure ship bearing

down upon them, instead of doing her best to run away! They quickly realized that she was heavily armed, that she had perceived their battered condition, and was prepared to take advantage of the situation which Chance had thrown in her way. A hurried consultation decided the tactics to be followed. There was no alternative but to accept the challenge to battle, to do, and as it seemed most probable, to die.

"Soon shots rang out. They did no material damage except piercing a few small holes in the sails. Another broadside followed, this time more effectively. In the meantime Johnson's gunners were standing by their guns, ready to fire at the crucial moment. At length, the two vessels were alongside of each other, the Spanish crew grappled the two together, when suddenly a broadside shook the enemy vessel. Simultaneously the whole crew armed with axes, cutlasses and swords dashed on the deck and on to the Spanish vessel, slashing down the enemy, who tried unsuccessfully to stem the tide of the terrific onslaught. Johnson himself was in the thick of the fight. His entire disregard of danger acted like magic on his men, who, in that life and death struggle, forgot their weariness and lassitude, and fought like demons. The enemy was soon overpowered. All the crew had either been killed, wounded, or had given themselves up. The victors swarmed down the ladders to the interior of the vessel where the Spaniards they encountered threw up their hands. Johnson and his chief officers entered the saloon, where they found the captain of the vessel, who, after a short struggle surrendered. The victory had been won at a cost of two killed and three wounded. The exhilaration of battle was followed by the

reaction—the men sank down exhausted after the strenuous exertion of the conflict. The captain found the larder, and compelled the cooks to prepare for them a well-cooked meal, followed by the choicest Spanish wines, secured from the ship's stores.

"Then began a systematic search for the prize. In the hold they discovered boxes on boxes of gold which were being taken to Spain. But horror of horrors! in their quest they stumbled on—an iron frame it seemed, but there was something warm in it. The dim lantern revealed a wasted human figure with an expression of terror on its face. Johnson and his followers were as much horrified as was the caged figure. Neither party spoke, for each thought he had before him a foreigner. Closer examination disclosed to the party that the features of the caged man were English. Simultaneously the same thought flashed through the other's mind. "How did you come here?" asked Johnson. "Captured two days ago", answered the other, and thoroughly overcome, he lost consciousness.

"The prisoner was taken out of the hold to the deck, the bolts that held the cage together were removed, the unconscious man given the greatest care and attention until he came to himself. Then he was gently lifted to the nearest cabin, stimulants and light, nourishing, food given, and he lay down and slept.

"In the meantime, the two vessels were still firmly grappled together and were slowly drifting with the tide. The respective crews were equally divided, the prisoners being set to work under the direction of their late captors. The captain remained on the captured vessels and directed the crew to follow the other ship, in charge of which he

had placed his first mate. The voyage proceeded without further incident until they came to anchor beside the wharf five miles up the Back River.

“The rescued prisoner awoke, invigorated by his refreshing sleep, and during the remainder of the voyage told his story, recorded by Captain Johnson in his diary, which is still preserved in the home where he at length settled down to spend a peaceful old age.”

At this point the old resident took me to Captain Johnson’s home, led the way to the study and showed me the page in the diary. It was as follows:—

“I was on the return voyage to England from Jamaica with a cargo of sugar and coffee. When four days out from Port Royal, as the sun was going down, a Spanish vessel appeared and hoisted signals to the effect that she was running short of water. Not suspecting treachery we headed for her. As soon as we were within range she opened fire on us. We had no guns and were therefore entirely at her mercy. My ship began to sink. I ordered the crew to take to the boats. They took care to rescue us, and for the time we were thankful that we were saved from a watery grave. Next morning, however, none of my crew were to be found. It is evident that they had been thrown overboard. During the day I was placed in the cage and taken down into the hold where I remained unattended until I was rescued.”

After reading and handing it back, he continued his story:—“On arrival at the wharf, steps were immediately taken to bring to justice the perpetrator of the foul murder on the high seas. The nearest town at that time was some twenty miles up the river,

and as his vessel was not due to sail for some days he placed one of his officers and four men to guard the criminal in the cage, with instructions to hand him over to the local authorities. Ignorant of his fate, and thinking that he was going to be thrown overboard further up the river, he manifested unmistakable signs of terror. Unable to move, all he could do was to speak in tones which seemed to implore them to refrain from carrying out their design.

“They began their journey up the river early in the morning of the sixth of June 1692, a date most memorable in the history of Jamaica. All the party noticed how oppressive and still was the atmosphere, how leaden were the skies. All seemed to forebode something unusual, some disaster. By ten o’clock they had completed ten miles of the journey, when, seeing a beautiful country house, with a grove of cocoanut trees in full bearing around it, they pulled to the shore, and, tying their boat under a shady tree, they set off to secure some of the delicious drink.

“Scarcely had two minutes elapsed when suddenly there was a terrific rumble as of thunder. The earth heaved and opened up all around them; the hill on the opposite bank slid down into the river bed; the water splashed hundreds of feet into the air; the face of Nature changed. The great earthquake had buried whole towns with all their inhabitants”.... The chair on which I was sitting rocked. I made a sudden start, opened my eyes — the statue was in its place — the museum attendant was standing beside me. He pointed to the clock at the far end of the room, “You have overslept yourself, sir, it is time to close”.

College

Napoleon and Kaiser Wm. II, in their most hopeful moments never painted rosier dreams of fame and fortune and power than does many an aspirant to a college education. The nature of these aspirations, the scope of the hopeful expectations of the matriculant, will never be fully known.

Perhaps he sees himself acclaimed as the leading man of science of his day; possibly he conjures up the vision of hundreds restored to strength by his healing skill (with of course, a fat practice included); or perchance he envisions a public bowing in acknowledgement of his facile pen. For all these things and a great many more, the young man who goes to college expects to find there the tools and equipment which will enable him to carve out his niche in the hall of fame. Admiring relatives unite in wishing him success; his chums, with their jocular sincerity, acclaim him as the future Premier of Canada, or the most versatile of slippery lawyers according to their humour; but of course all these solicitudes pole into insignificance when compared with the expectations "she" holds out for him. And so he enters college.

To his amazement he discovered that he was not treated with the same respect as he was back in Meadowtown. He found out soon that there was in every college an aggregation of omnipotent beings called Sophomores, whose chief end in life seemed the tormenting of the species Frosh. Why, they treated him most outrageously. They made him do all kinds of stunts one fearsome night that will ever stay in his memory; they cut off part of his immaculate hair; yes, they even

dumped him on several occasions when fast asleep. Slowly there percolated through his numbed intelligence, with the same sluggishness as Chemistry seep through the brain of the average student, the realization that he was of the great institution of learning. But a very small cog indeed in the wheel of the great institution of learning. But he plodded on, as all Freshmen do, learning by his mistakes and profiting by experience.

At times he was greatly bewildered, and small wonder. Many students, like him, enter college with only a vague idea of the particular line in which they desire to specialize. Under such circumstances the great variety of courses offered is very bewildering. Now one phase is chosen, then again another is selected. It is just at this point that a word of friendly advice from a member of the faculty helps wonderfully in the final choice. This need of advice is met in many colleges by the expedient of "advisory committees" whose duty it is to give advice to the students on all subjects, from shaving soap to the ionix theory (matrimonial ventures excluded). The only disadvantage of said advisory committees is that oftentimes they do not see eye to eye with a student as regards attendance at lectures. Grave consequences sometimes result. But then, we can hardly blame our verdant acquaintance if he made an occasional blunder. He was only human. The first professor into whose clutches he fell gave him sufficient work for one night which would take a week to do properly.

The next one blithely heaped on two days' work in one. And so the jolly game went on. Can he be blamed for taking to himself an occasional precious hour in which to bathe his fevered brow? He was also bewildered as to the relevancy of many subjects to his chosen line of specialization. For instance, he could not quite make out the bearing on cereal husbandry of the pressure inside a soap bubble. Nor could he fathom the deep mystery underlying the connection of the kinetic energy of a bullet with the raising of live-stock. Nevertheless he floundered on, glimpsing occasional rays of sunshine between the clouds of oppressive vapourings. One of these rays conveyed to his mind the suggestion that possibly there was a reason for all this variety of courses. And there was. These courses marked out to him the bounds of many fields of absorbing interest. In his first year he was thus introduced to a variety of lines in which he could specialize in the later years of his course. He concluded that the faculty knew what they were about.

Soon there presented itself to him the problem of recreation. There were at hand for this purpose various fields of athletics—football, basketball, baseball. Since he was inclined towards athletics he entered into the practices and games with a will. They furnished wonderful enjoyment and exercise. Then, one day, he suddenly realized that exams were a week off. Where had the time gone? When the session opened those days of reckoning seemed a long way off. But now they were almost upon him — and preparation must be made. He worked hard and succeeded in getting a pass. After the dust of battle had subsided, he set himself to work out one of the hardest

problems with which a student is faced, namely, the apportioning of time to the varied activities of college life. On this largely hangs the success or failure to the individual of a college course. For if one phase is given too much attention the others are bound to suffer, and the result is a lop-sided development. Every man must decide for himself the amount of time to be devoted to each subject in the curriculum, and to each branch of activity in which he is interested. Many are the fine timetables and schedules which have gone by the board within a week or two of their inception. A perfect adjustment is impossible, but the balance must be maintained if success is to be achieved.

The resolve of many students to work hard is often nullified by the general tendency to drift along. It is so easy to just forget all about that article which has been assigned for English, and drop into the other fellow's room to pass a few moments discussing everything in general and nothing in particular. Time passes so much more pleasantly in that way than in plugging away at chemistry or physics. Nevertheless, if they would stop to think that in four short sessions they must pack sufficient knowledge to use as tools during the rest of their lives, it would put an entirely different aspect on affairs.

As stated recently in an address by a professor, students do not **think** enough. The statement is very true in the main. The thinking student is the exception rather than the rule. Perhaps there is too much "parroting" in our present system of education. Certainly a system which requires as its main criterion of ability the power to reproduce on paper once or twice a year the material absorbed in lectures,

does not train to the highest degree. If the student is to be trained to think, let him be given projects to work out for himself by the application of the principles which he is taught at college. The mere restating of the principles on an examination paper is not sufficient. Many colleges are today aware of this, and so make projects an important feature of their courses.

College gives to a man, also, many traits of character which are indispensable to success in life. It cannot be stated definitely how this end is attained, but it is none the less true. It

develops personality gives a man greater tolerance of view; endows him with the imagination which will give him clearer vision of the affairs of the world; and bequeathes a legacy of buoyant optimism wherewith to encounter his tasks. And so, despite the student's dissatisfaction at times, and in the face of difficulties often set in the way by the student himself, college sends him into the world a man much more fit than formerly to hew out for himself a niche therein.

M. MacLennan.

A Glimpse Of Italy

It was on New Year's day of 1918 that our train crossed the border of France, and drew up at Ventimiglia, the first station across the Frontier. We were in Sunny Italy, and very much we appreciated it after our taste of early winter in Flanders' field. We had, however, been enjoying the bright sunshine and warm weather for about twenty four hours previously, when after running through the cold southern Alps we woke one delightful morning to see outside, the beautiful green of the Riviera. To adequately describe the beauties of the Riviera demands a master hand — and many pages of the magazine, and as the Editor may perhaps return me my manuscript if I attempt to transgress in the latter direction I had better leave it for some one else.

After seeing Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, and Cap Martin in all their beauty, Ventimiglia was rather disappointing. The train again started, soon we were at San Remo, a beautiful resort; and at about 7 p.m. we entered Savona. We had three-quarters of an

hour, there, — so we were told — and two of us gaily slipped through the station gates and walked down the street to see what the town was like. In half an hour we returned to see the rear end of our train disappearing through the tunnel a hundred yards away. We were in a plight. Personally, the only circumstance that troubled me was the fact that I was in my roughest uniform, heavy trench boots, and without collar or tie, but in their place merely a scarf. My companion was in this respect better off. We reported to the Railway Transport Officer who "strafed" us, and with the hope that we would have overtaken the others, sent us by the next train to the junction near Genoa. He was disappointed in his hope, so was my companion, I was not, for in this case we were to reach our destination by the nearest route, and this was via The Eternal City — Rome.

Every school boy has had at least a smattering of Roman History, and has read of the wonders of Ancient Rome, of Pisa, of Naples, of Florence,

and names such as Michael Angelo, Anthony Canova, Raphael, Guido Reni and Bellini are household words.

As we had missed our train, we proceeded that night to Genoa, and after a late supper retired to our respective rooms; and tumbled into bed — the first time that we had for six months enjoyed that luxury. How delightful it was to sleep again on a spring mattress, between sheets, and pillows on which to lay our weary heads! We thought of our brother officers in their journey sleeping in a sitting posture, and thought ourselves blessed. Next morning, after a luxurious bath and breakfast, which included a delicious cup of coffee, we set out to see the town. No khaki being obtainable I bought myself a white collar and a civilian tie, and in this queer combination I spent the day.

Genoa is essentially a busy modern city and in this respect is equal to any it was my privilege to see during my year's stay in Italy. Our first care was to cash a cheque to defray the expenses of the unexpected journey, and then we made a general survey of the city, visiting the most important buildings. We had no time on this occasion to see the famous "Campo Canto"—supposed to be the most beautiful burial ground in the world. On my second visit some months later, I spent fully four hours going through that beautiful city of the dead. The corridors lined with monuments extend for miles and miles. Many of these stand out vividly in my memory today, and never will be forgotten. The finest work of the best sculptors of the age is lavished there. Most of their productions are so real, so life-like, that one cannot regard them without experiencing feelings of deepest sorrow,

and having the tears involuntarily springing to the eyes. Perhaps the most strikingly beautiful monument is a shrine, built in the style of the cathedral of Milan, of pure white marble. It stands on a commanding site overlooking the greater part of the Campo Santo — a masterpiece.

Close by the railway station is a monument to Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World. I had not the time to visit his home, but as some one who had seen it afterwards remarked to me that it was no wonder that he set out to discover a New World, so mean and squalid was his home and its surroundings, I felt that I had not missed very much.

We set out on the night train for Rome and arrived there early next morning. It would be impossible in this article to tell very much of Rome. I spent there on different occasions altogether fifteen days and although literally every minute of day light was occupied in visiting its ruins, museums, picture galleries, cathedrals and churches I was able to see only its outstanding features. It requires years to see and properly appreciate all that Rome has to show of art, ancient, mediaeval and modern. Perhaps its outstanding attractions are the ruins of the ancient city. The Forum, the Coliseum, the Capitol Hill and Meoma-time prison, the Palatine hill with the Palaces of the Caesars, the Baths of Caracalla, the Catacombs, the Aqueducts and the Pantheon are all absorbingly interesting. Very few of these are in a good state of preservation. The Pantheon is an exception to this rule. It is now used as a church and as a mausoleum for the Kings of Modern Italy. Raphael too, lies buried there. The Forum is full of ruins of the temple

of Castor and Pullox, two columns and a portion of the entablature remain. It is said to be the most beautiful of all the ruins of ancient Rome. On the whole, the sites of the ancient buildings can be plainly distinguished. The Ros-tra, where Mark Antony made his oration over the dead body of Caesar still stands. It is very near the Arch of Septimus Severus which latter is in an almost perfect state of preservation.

Let us go from the Forum to the Meometime prison under the Capitol Hill, a dark, dank, underground hole cut out of solid rock, into which prisoners were let down through a circular hole above. It was here that Tugurtha was imprisoned and tortured. He must have been a superman to have been able to stand there in the icy water with which it was on one occasion flooded. The Apostles Paul and Peter too were said to have been imprisoned there.

We will now go to the Capitol Museum to see among many other fine pieces of sculpture "Venus" and "the Dying Gladiator."

"I see before me the Gladiator lie."

Leaving the midst of ancient Rome let us pass on to the Vatican Museum to have a survey of one of the most wonderful collections of art treasures in the world. We wander until we are tired through buildings crowded with statuary, stopping only before those of superlative beauty — wonderful creations of the best Greek and Roman Sculptors. Entering another corridor we walk along in the direction of Raphael's Gallery, and the Sistine Chapel — the latter the work of Michael Angelo. As we pass along let us pause to admire the Flemish Tapestry that hangs on the walls. From the Vatican we go to the Borghese and Corsini galleries to spend hours looking at

some of the choicest works of Italian, Flemish, Spanish and German painters. When the gallery closes let us go to see at least one of the fountains for which Rome is famous. Let us dismount at "LaFevi Fontana", (the Fountain of Feves), go down the steps, drink of its clear water, drop a coin in, and hope that the legend will prove true in our case. After this let us retrace our steps towards the Forum, and stand on the platform overlooking it by the arch of Septimus Severus. The sun in all its beauty is now slowly sinking over the brow of the Palatine Hill, bathing in its golden rays the ruins of the ancient palaces, and lighting up the outstanding ruins of the Forum itself. At length it disappears, — intoxicated with art let us return to the 'Grand' to be in time for dinner, and for the opera at the 'Castanzi'.

After this hurried and cursory glimpse let me tell you what we actually were able to see on that particular day. After breakfast we bought maps, determined the route to the Coliseums, walked nonchalantly down the street, and arrived there in the course of a few minutes. We began an examination of the famous ruin when we were accosted by a guide, — I was determined to avoid guides, but at length yielded to the wish of my companions, and together we engaged him for the day for the sum of 25 lire, equivalent at the time to about \$2. He was a queer specimen of humanity, and his broken English, with some German words occasionally cropping out, amused me immensely. After going through the Coliseum he showed us the arch of Constantine close by, still in excellent preservation. After this we engaged a 'canoza', rode along the Appian way, and visited a chapel which stands on the spot where our

Saviour is said to have met the Apostle Peter and ordered his return to Rome. A block of marble on the floor, bearing the imprint of a foot was shown us. This we were told, was made by our Saviour's foot as He stood there. Our guide must have thought our credulity unbounded; my companion regarded him quite seriously and it would appear that he believed him. I had to put on a serious face in spite of the fact that I was scarcely able to refrain from laughing outright.

We next visited the Catacombs, — both heathen and Christian. We were both provided with tapers to light the way along the tortuous passages which ran tier above tier, and vanished in all directions. I trembled to think what would have happened if we had gone too far and our lights had gone out. Down, far down, we were shown a deep well where the Christians obtained water when they hid there during times of persecution. I heard later, that some time afterwards, a party went down without a guide, and were soon lost in the maze of passages. Further attempts to find the way out proved fruitless so they sat down and resigned themselves to their fate. Happily for them, the caretaker had noticed that they had not returned, and, went down, searched for and found them after they had been there for some hours.

From the Catacombs we went to St. Pauls Church, a nineteenth century structure reared on the site of the old church which was destroyed by fire. It is in classic style, the exterior severely plain, the interior exquisitely beautiful. Its double row of massive polished granite columns, all of various gradations of colour, and each presented by notable people of various countries are strikingly beautiful. Outside,

the old cloisters still remain. They are the exact counterpart of those of one of the churches in Florence. The spiral columns supporting the roof are in pairs, and richly decorated with mosaic work.

After an hour or two there, we went to St. Peters, the largest and most beautiful church in the world. It was designed by Bramante, the dome by Michael Angelo, who spent many years superintending its erection. In front of the basilica is a large square almost surrounded by two noble colonades. In the centre is an obelisk from Egypt, and on both sides are large fountains which play continuously. The main body of the church is 600 ft long, and 417 ft wide! It is an impossible task to attempt to describe this forest of marble. The four pillars supporting the dome each have a base the sides of which are 60 feet long! The baldachino (the pope's throne) is of bronze, said to have been taken from the Pantheon. In itself it is a marvel. Its spiral columns are wonderfully wrought. Statuary and mosaic of some of the world's best paintings adorn the building. Michael Angelo's "Mother and Son" is in a shrine by itself. Canova's monument to the Stuarts stands beside one of the columns on the left side. Among the mosaics is one of the Transfiguration, the original of which I saw an hour later in the Vatican Gallery. The tomb of Charlemagne is in one of the side chapels. On another occasion, on one of the fourteen visits I paid to St. Peters, I went up to the roof, and into the ball above the dome. There were six others in it with me at the time and sixteen could have been held comfortably. There we were about 480 ft. above the ground! On another occasion it was my privilege to hear the Sistine Choir singing in one of the chapels.

What divine music it was!

Our guide then led us to the Vatican gallery where we feasted our eyes on the beautiful paintings adorning the walls. We remained minutes before some of them but as it was getting late we had to hurry through. We dismissed our guide in the square, and set out walking towards the Tiber. After we had crossed over we hailed a passing taxi and instructed the driver to take us to the railway station, (we had already learned to say 'a la station'). At 8 p.m. the train steamed out, we remained up long enough to see Mount Vesuvius smoking in the distance and then retired to sleep.

Next morning at 10 o'clock we arrived at our destination and found that our unit had not yet made its appearance. We were, however, greeted by some who had previously arrived there. Our escapade excited a great amount of merriment. My semi-civilian attire helped very much to increase the mirth. However, "he laughs best who laughs last". For some time we breathed not a word of the excellent time we had had, and it was not until long afterwards — after we had been "strafed" by our colonel, and paid the cost of the journey (about \$6.44!) that we excited their envy by telling the story.

H. R. Angell.

The Irony Of Circumstance Or Divorce At College

A Sketch of College Life.

The silence of a cold winter's morning is broken by the first long, loud blast of the power-house whistle, and in another instant the reverberating tones of the rising bell are heard through the corridors of the men's residence. As the janitor passes room 13, he slackens his pace and at the same time automatically increases that clanging noise. Although he is a novice at his profession, experience has already taught him that the inmates of this special room love their breakfasts more than their beds, but they lack the will power to leave the former in order to obtain the latter. His slight efforts, nevertheless, seem to have supplied the necessary stimulus, for an early riser, who apparently is imbued by nature with a stronger will power, on passing room 13, hears the bed springs creaking, evidently caused by the vigorous stretching of the occupants.

Unearthly sounds, thought to be modified yawns of a highly specialized type in the evolutionary scale, issue through the open transom, immediately following which our outsider overhears: "What's the delay Charlie, aren't you going to shut the window this morning?" A more subdued voice issuing presumably from under the bed clothes is heard to reply, "I like your nerve, Harry, and furthermore, you've got some hope; who opened the window last night any way?" According to deductive reasoning I am led to infer that it is your turn to close the window." But Charlie is an old soldier; he knows how to retaliate, for he immediately blurts out, "Well Harry, by inductive reasoning I find that it's your turn, let's get down to business and talk it over, but for heaven's sake be specific."

At this juncture the student outside the door thought it advisable to hurry

to the bath rather than be late for breakfast.

At last, however, whether by the deductive or inductive process of reasoning, one of the inmates of room 13 is induced to close the window. With both feet he springs from his bed, with his left hand he gives the bed-clothes a mighty throw, and with his left he slams the inside shutter of the window. Hercules was never more fearless.

Both hands being now free, he "gently" removes his wife's bed-clothes, and lest he should meet her fierce onslaught, he hurriedly satches up his shaving articles and dashes off to the bathroom, on reaching which he sadly discovers that he has forgotten his shaving soap in his haste. Of he goes for this necessary article — he must shave this morning for he is sitting at an assigned table with the girls — but on returning to the bathroom he discovers to his dismay that someone has hidden his razor. May it be said to his credit that he is heard to hum the tune of the Benedictus. After losing much time in searching for his razor, which, by the way, had merely been wrapped in his towel by some kind friend lest another less honest should swipe it, he tries to make haste by shaving speedily; but herein he made the gravest mistake as the colonies of blood spots on his face testified.

The shaving ordeal being over he hastens to his room, only to find that his room-mate has already gone over to breakfast, but on leaving has inadvertently locked the door from force of habit. His fertile mind at once rushes to two conclusions: I must either change my room or I must change my room-mate, that's logic, it seems reasonable as well as rational.

After losing five minutes in searching for the janitor, he finally gains access to his room, and goes about his dressing with unthought of speed. But again misfortune befalls him, for as he gives the final pull to his boot lace the applied force overcomes the tension and our friend's system receives a sudden jirk. No, no, he does not even say damn; he is wiser than the modern girl as he has long since learned that profanity merely emphasises paucity of thought.

Having overcome this last difficulty, he next begins to put on his collar, but the stud at the back of his neck falls to the floor, and after circling the room half a dozen times, dodging the table and chair legs in the meanwhile, finally comes to rest in the most awkward of places; namely, under the dressing table. Our friend simply says, "This is tantalizing", because he knows from previous experience that the collar stud could have taken another road; that is, it could have fallen between the shirt and his neck.

Nothing daunted, our friend is soon on his hands and knees — the first time for the morning! — searching for the lost gem, which he finds readily enough because innate manner does not play tricks; but on coming to an upright position, he does it so as to bring his head in direct contract with the corner of the dressing table.

Dazed but determined, he at last reaches an upright position holding the collar stud in the meanwhile as with the grip of a vice. As his thoughts readjust themselves, he becomes possessed with a brain wave, "Why not put on a pull-over sweater and so escape the ordeal of tying that bow tie. Time will also be gained." On goes the sweater.

Fortunately no time is lost in parting his hair, since he wears it brushed back; but rather than be late at table 13, he forbears the combing of it this morning, and merely runs his fingers backwards through it. He glances hastily at his Ingersol and notices that it is 7.29 A.M.

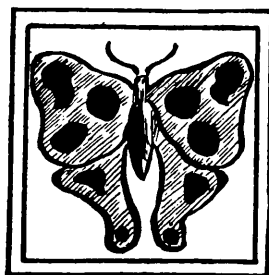
The stairs are now deserted, consequently he makes good time, and before long is travelling over the oval at a speed of 30 ft. per second. Braced by the cold air and the joy of motion, he becomes elated with the idea that "he is putting one over the House Committee", and also saving time; however, on reaching the slippery steps outside the dinning hall he is brought to earth, or rather to ice, quite unexpectedly. No one has seen him, no one laughs; thus encouraged, yet breathless, he enters the dinning hall only to find that grace has just been sung and to be accosted by the dictitian: "You're late! You're late!" she says.

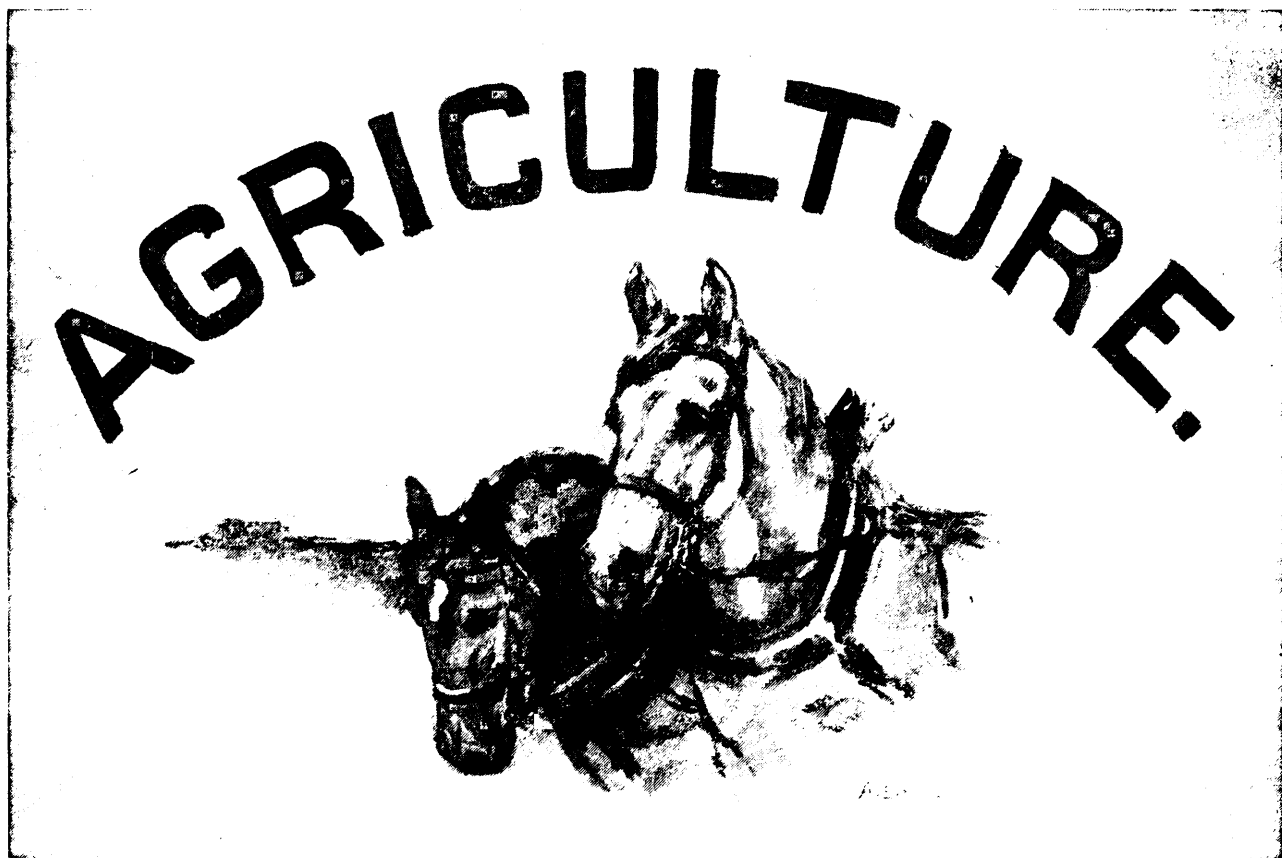
He is accustomed to this so makes no apologies. With the air of a farmer freshman, with calm assurance and serene self-confidence, he walks down the main aisle towards table 13, on reaching which, he finds to his wild amazement that his room-mate has taken his seat and is chatting composedly with his own lady friend.

This was the most unkindest misfortune of them all. There he stood the picture of disquietude, until some heartless Junior shouts "Sit down;" and, robbed of all capacity to think, our friend sits in the first vacant chair.

In this working out of things inevitable reactions must follow. Charlie still occupies room 13; Harry, however, has moved to the second floor. Some hold Harry culpable and think that he was the cause of the separation, others think differently. Be that as it may, fortune favoured someone, for new tables were assigned at noon.

T. C. V. '23.





Why I Am A Jersey Man.

By E. W. ^{andell}HOLDEN, '23.

The Jersey Cow leads in the true essentials of our dairy breeds to-day. Her superiority is represented in true dairy quality. To demonstrate quality and true dairy conformation, the Jersey is a model. The general idea of the Jersey Cow until very recent years has been decidedly limited, or one sided. In short, she was distinguished as a rich man's cow. To-day she still holds her former state of honour, plus her proven value as a dairy cow. Much may now be obtained regarding her life history, from her home, Jersey Island, and from the United States. Even in Canada we have many statistics to show her true merits. It is not, however, the history of past centuries that we shall consider, but the recent advances recognized in the breed in Canada.

It was my privilege in the years from '14 to '16 to attend M.A.C., and to re-

ceive many facts concerning live stock. There was one particular phase of this training that attracted me the most, namely, dairy cattle. The significance of this is readily appreciated, for I had always lived on a dairy farm. While the breeds of dairy cattle at the College were not the same as those I had been accustomed to at home, the question of dairy type remained precisely the same. On arriving home after such training, I found it quite easy to make some very valuable comparisons regarding the differences in dairy cattle. It was at this time that the true value of the Jersey became apparent to me.

But, how could she be more widely appreciated? She must be placed before the public in the real sense of the word, exhibited, tested by official authorities, and given her proper place as a disease resister. The Jersey had

accomplished much in the Canadian Record of Performance and a limited amount of exhibiting had been carried on. The disease question had been abused by many who were not familiar with diseases.

Of these three scores, only one in 1916 was, in my opinion, having its true value recognized by dairymen. This was Canadian Record of Performance work. In the Show Ring, she occupied a minor place as compared with that held by the other dairy breeds in Canada, and she was continually scored as a delicate, weak, susceptible contractor and carrier of the T.B. plague. Within the last five years, however, her position has changed. Her records compare favourably with other dairy breeds, her place in the Show Ring has increased, and under the Accredited System of testing for T.B., she has figures that speak for first place, even in so short a time as the new system has been operating. Thus, from performance, advancement in the Cow has recently made history in the Show Ring, and in health, the Jersey Dominion. We now appreciate the fact that the Jersey possesses the qualities of a real dairy cow.

Consider her main distinctions of superiority that have been proven. The merit of the Jersey Cow represents economy and quality of production, persistency of yield, health and vigour, adaptability, early maturity, prepotency, and last but not least beauty and attractiveness. To find all these qua-

lities in one animal is to find the perfect dairy cow, and this is the view of our Jersey breeders.

Thus, in my short experience in dairying, I am convinced that the Jersey among our dairy breeds represents the highest development of the breeder's art. The standard of type by which Jersey cattle are judged has been universally accepted with but slight variation. Her symmetry of form, and balancing of parts, have won the admiration of all who desire type in dairy cattle. This fixed quality of usefulness to the dairyman represents the ideal constitution from which the best returns can be obtained. The Jersey "pattern" is as practical as it is beautiful. Voila:—

He met her at the garden gate,
The sun was sinking low,
There she did nightly for him wait
As you who read will know.

He put his arms around her
And caressing her he said,
I love you dearly, little one,
And fondly stroked her head.

He drew her closely to him,
She slightly drew away,
But joy and love were in her breast
On that bright summer day.

Of thought that came into her heart
She did not speak one half,
For he—was just a farmer boy,
And she a Jersey calf.



Quebec Holstein World's Champion

That Quebec Holsteins do not have to take second rank to individuals from any other part of Canada or of the world, is borne out by the splendid record made recently by DeKol Plus Segis Dixie at Vaudreuil. Her record of 32,632 pounds of milk and 1,439 lbs. of butter makes her the world's champion cow in official classes; the only cow in the world to exceed this record is Segis Pietertje Prospect with 37,381 lbs. of milk, but her record is classed as semi-official, while that of Dixie's was made under the eye of a government inspector.

Dixie was bred in Bloomfield, Ont., and as a yearling was sold to A. C. Hardy, of Brockville, for \$125. From here she passed to Dr. Harwood, of Vaudreuil for \$400, where she remained until the entire herd was sold to Mr. Shaw, of Newmarket, Ont. Soon after this she was bought by her present owner. Mr. D. Raymond, of Vaudreuil. When she came to Raymondale, she was under a cloud, that is, she was looked upon as a T. B. suspect, and for this reason has ever since been kept in the horse stable, away from the rest of the herd. Since completing the test, however, she has passed the triple test and if, at the end of sixty days she is still immune she will be placed with the rest of the herd.

The test on which she made her record was started on Dec. 15, 1920, and she was entered on the seven, thirty, sixty, ninety, and finally in the three hundred and sixty-five day tests. During this time Dixie was only off feed twice—once with a case of bloat, and the second time with a case of garget which lasted three weeks.

A brief resumé of the ration given this cow is instructive and interesting. Her grain allowance during the first six months of her lactation period consisted of 24 pounds a day of a mixture made up of one part bran, one part oats, one part gluten meal, and one part made up of oilcake three quarters, and cornmeal, one quarter. During the last six months the daily portion was cut down to twenty pounds. To this allowance of concentrates was added from 20 to 30 pounds of silage per day, from 50 to 100 pounds of roots, and four big scoop shovelfuls of beet pulp and molasses. For roughage she was given 10 pounds per day of mixed clover and alfalfa hay.

The success achieved by Mr. Raymond and his herdsman, Mr. Goodhue is not likely to be equalled for some time but it gives us a goal towards which we should work through better breeding and more liberal feeding.



The Egg You Eat For Breakfast

EGGs—big and small, white and brown, fresh and stale, all go to make up a large part of the food that we consume. We do not always eat them for breakfast it is true, but that does not matter. It would, perhaps, be interesting to know something about these wonderful objects, put up, as they are, in their natural package, the shell.

The egg consists primarily of yolk, albumin and shell. The yolk is mostly fat and the protein albumin, while the shell is calcium carbonate. Water makes up over 80 per cent of the whole egg. A hen requires more than two weeks to produce an egg but as the process is continuous she lays them daily for certain periods of time. There are, in the hen's body, hundreds, sometimes thousands of tiny yolks; these develop in the ovary until they are large enough, then pass on to the oviduct where the albumin, membrane, and shell are added. In its possession of a shell the egg has a natural covering which makes it possible to keep longer than any other food product of animal origin.

Of course, the object of an egg is to reproduce the species of animal which makes it, but long ago it was found to have very high value as a food and has increased in popularity ever since, because it is second only to milk as a complete food. Chemically speaking, it contains all the elements that are essential for the sustenance of man. It is not sufficient, however, because such foods as meat, milk, cereals, and vegetables are necessary to balance it, give variety, and provide bulk. There are certain wonderful things in natural unadulterated foods, called vitamins, about which little is known. These food elements are hard to obtain be-

cause they are removed in the refining processes which most of our foods undergo. They check and prevent such "deficiency diseases" as beri-beri and pellagra; and are present in eggs. For this reason it is indeed unfortunate that the unskilled manner in which eggs are handled, resulting in their high cost, makes it almost impossible for the poorer people to obtain them, as they are the ones who suffer most from malnutrition. Nevertheless, in spite of the poor methods the fact remains that the demand is keen, and that eggs are recognized as something people cannot very well do without.

To make a plea for more people to buy and eat more eggs without adding that producers and other eggmen should exercise more common sense in cutting down loss, and therefore price, would appear unfair. It may easily be seen that if farmers, poultry men, and dealers exerted themselves so that fewer eggs were rendered useless and co-operated to make eggs cheaper, of better and more uniform grade and quality, the benefits derived would be mutual. Yet, strange to relate, consumption continues to increase. The demand for good eggs exceeds the supply because eggs are a necessary food, and are known to be so by most people. Great Britain alone eats more than one million a day, and would take more if she could but obtain them.

This little sketch would not be complete unless a few remarks were made upon the effects of eggs on those who eat them, and on the ways of the partaking of them. First, they go to form the major part of the nutrition of many invalids, they build up the system, tend to produce desirable effects on the body, and to increase the strength of the individual. To the person who

uses his or her mind, the egg is an ideal food. Students should be given more of them; but if you attempt to feed a lumberjack exclusively on eggs, it will cost you a fortune.

In the United States, recent experiments were carried on in a novel way to show the effects produced by various foods upon the stomach. I shall try to give you some of the most interesting facts shown from these tests. The experiments were carried on with a number of individuals who possessed normal stomachs (weren't they lucky?). It was found that all stomachs do not treat eggs similarly, that is, some can digest an egg in twenty minutes, and others take longer. The majority of stomachs found this food highly acceptable. Again, eggs made their food value quickly available to the individual and further showed that popular demand has a basis which is not to be scorned. A peculiar fact is that people who do not like eggs have stomachs which, nearly always, accept them well. We see, too, that when they are cooked differently they are treated differently by the stomach: a hard boiled egg is harder to digest than a soft one, but a

fried egg is far easier to digest than the average person believes. Eggs and milk beaten together are excellent, both as to their ease of assimilation and high food value.

Cold storage, and even stale, eggs are given a good reception after they once get inside the stomach; and if it were not for the natural apathy shown them, more would be consumed as boiled eggs, so that they would not have to be disguised to be acceptable to the people. Among food combinations like cake, custards, and egg puddings it is found that custards are the most digestible, the puddings and cakes being close seconds and thirds respectively. It is also true that the stomach handles them equally well whether they be made from fresh, or stale, eggs.

Eat more eggs! The time is coming when quality, quantity, and price will all suit the consumer. Eggs will be a universal food second only to milk. If that time is to come quickly, good eggs must be demanded and recognized by the consumer, and the producer must be made to feel that he can produce eggs with less waste and at lower cost.



Wheat

THERE is no process in the history of mankind older, more essential, or more universal than the growing, grinding, and baking of wheat. Centuries have passed since man first gathered the wild grain and sowed it in order to reap a crop. The chief occupation of millions of people has been producing it, owing to the fact that it is the basis of food for all peoples; yet there is a great deal to learn about that little kernel in order to produce the amounts required for consumption, and to make two grains grow where one was formerly produced, because the limits of potential wheat lands have almost been reached.

On examining a grain of wheat we find it to consist of a tiny embryo, or the living part, and a larger part called the endosperm, made up chiefly of starch and protein. The function of the endosperm is to supply the embryo with food on germination, until it can send out roots into the soil and a green leaf above to gather in food for itself. Flour, our chief food constituent, is the endosperm, only in a powdered form. As long as the grain remains dry the embryo cannot draw upon its storehouse, the endosperm, and eventually dies; but the endosperm is unaltered. When stored, some grains will live as long as ten years, though the majority is of no use as seed after two or three years. The idea, that grains found in ancient tombs could give a crop, is false.

Experiments have been conducted in recent years to ascertain if, by the use of electricity or chemicals before planting, seeds would yield a larger crop. The results are not definite. The seed

is only a means of starting the embryo growing; and how well it will grow after germination depends on factors quite aside from the seed: for example, the fertility of the soil, weather, and other factors. None of the experiments mentioned above can have much effect, as they add nothing to the food supply and therefore would have little, if any, effect on development.

The wheat plant accumulates all its food from air and soil, completing its growth about a month before harvesting. During this month the valuable material of the plant is transferred from the leaves and stems to the grain; but the transference is incomplete, as much of the valuable material remains in the leaves and stems. Experiments must be conducted and means devised to ensure a larger amount reaching the seed where it can be made use of. This is particularly essential in the drier sections of production where there is a limitation of the amount of growth by the insufficient water supply.

Let us now consider the flour derived from the endosperm. The object of the mills is not to grind the wheat into a meal and then sift out the flour, but to get the endosperm out in as clean a condition as possible, by just cracking the kernel so as to break the husk or bran and liberate it. The best flour is practically pure endosperm in a powdered form. It is the most digestible part of the grain, and weight for weight yields the most food material. There are generally four to six breaks made before the flour is obtained, the grain passing between rollers set closer together each time and the product sifted

after each cracking. The percentage of flour obtained varies with the weight per bushel and also its hardness. Before the war, from 63 to 68 per cent of the weight of grain was recovered as white flour; the remainder consisted of by-products called bran and shorts used chiefly for stock feeds. During the war however when there was a tremendous shortage of wheat in England the percentage was raised to 90 percent, because a larger amount of the outer portions of the kernel were left in the flour. This increased the food supply but was not suited to all constitutions.

Flour, made from the softer wheats produced in England and other countries where climatic conditions are not suitable for the growing of the hard wheats, and made into bread without adding a percentage of hard wheat, produces small, dense, loaves of bread; whereas, certain Canadian and other wheats grown in similar climates give rise to big spongy loaves, of the kind which the public prefer because they are more easily digested.

The chief wheat producing centres of the world before the war were: Plains of Southern Russia and the Danube Valley; Mediterranean Countries: France, Algeria, Italy and Egypt; North-Western Europe: Belgium, Netherlands, Germany, Denmark, and the United Kingdom; Central Plains of Canada and United States; Columbia Basin, along the Columbia River and the north-west corner of Washington; North-western India; Argentina; and, lastly, Australia. The above countries combined produced in 1913, 3,813 mil-

lion bushels of wheat, while the estimates for 1921 placed the worlds production at 2,787 million bushels. Russia was the leading producer and exporter, exporting 128 million bushels, followed by United States, Canada, Argentina, and Australia in the order named. Due to conditions arising out of the war Russia today is importing where formerly she exported. Roumania, Hungary, and Austria are in the same state, so that these countries are looking elsewhere for it. Canada, United States, and the Argentine have responded to the call; but the wheat acreage is still perilously short. Further, there has been a general withdrawal of labour from the land; and Oriental countries are increasing their consumption. Hence, unless more land is put under wheat, accompanied by increased yields per acre, a serious scarcity of that product will prevail.

Europe is looking to Canada for its requirements. Canada produces the highest quality of wheat in the world, as the climate and soil conditions are ideal, her standards the highest, and her methods of handling and marketing superior to any other wheat producing country. In order to maintain this position and meet the export demands, it is imperative that scientists and producers cooperate in an effort, first, to increase the yields by improving existing varieties; secondly, in developing others suitable to localities, where, at present, wheat is not grown; and thirdly, those which will store up in the kernel the valuable material essential for the highest quality of flour.

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EDITORIAL

This issue marks the initial efforts of the new Board from the men's side of the campus; and it is with a deep sense of our own inexperience and the magnitude of the task before us that we take up the reins. We hope, therefore, that our readers will be lenient in their criticisms, and bear in mind that this is our first entry into the world of letters. We are determined on our part to keep up the literary standing of the Magazine. To do this, however, we

must have the support of the student body, or all our efforts will be in vain. There has always been considerable difficulty in securing enough material, but if only each student would make up his, or her, mind to write something for the Magazine, this difficulty would be obviated.

As it is now, many of those who do write anything, think they are doing it merely as a favour, forgetting that this publication is brought out by the

students for the students. The editor himself is looked upon as a general nuisance who must be humoured. He may be a nuisance, but he is not doing it for the fun of the thing and the professors do expect a little work from him now and then.

We need your co-operation, so if you have any ideas on any subject, write them down and send them in. Don't wait to be asked, don't be discouraged if your article does not appear the first time; but, remembering that many will judge Macdonald to some extent by the quality of the magazine, try to do better next time.

We don't expect you to be modern Shakespeares, but we do expect you to give of your best, and above all to give your support. Think it over.

VALE!

The Winter Course in Agriculture will be leaving Macdonald shortly. Although their numbers are not large, they made up for this by their enthusiasm. Especially was their keenness seen in the whole-hearted way in which they went into the various college activities. They were determined to make an impression and they have. In athletics, their zeal and assiduity are to be commended, and could well be imitated by the other classes. With the short time at their disposal, they have

made tremendous strides, and if the energy evinced here is carried with them to their work on leaving, the College will have cause to be proud of their work. We wish them every success in their endeavours and assure them that their absence will be felt on both sides of the campus.

The departure of any class, always brings regrets that they cannot stay longer, and the forthcoming departure of the Winter Short Course in H.S. will be no exception. In fact, we are led to believe that there will be left some broken hearts to be mended. No more conclusive proof of their worth is necessary, and we join the broken hearted ones in wishing them a pleasant path through this vale of tears.

SWIMMING.

This year there has been a marked increase in the number of swimming enthusiasts, and it is proposed to hold a meet — the first for many years. Every one should be able to swim. As a form of exercise it is second to none, while as a form of sport it is hard to beat, and one never knows when it may come in useful. If you cannot swim, what better opportunity is there of learning than now? If you can swim, enter the competition and make it a success.





Row 1st. 5 men
Row 2nd. 5 men
Row 3rd. 5 men
Row 4th. 5 men
Row 5th. 5 men

Row 6th. 5 men

The Winter Course

-- Our Wider Interest --

Edited by T. E. McQuay.

Mastery for Service

Truly did Macdonald College have remarkable men for its founders. The lofty ideals with which they endowed it and which their successors have striven to perpetuate are admirably set forth in the motto of our college "Mastery For Service". The majority of our rural boys and girls know well that Macdonald College has carried out this policy of service to them through its school fairs. The interests of some it serves through experiments in the growing of grain, feeding of stock, etc. Still others it serves through its demonstrators to Homemakers' Clubs. It renders service to the country at large through the training it gives the men and women who elect to study in its halls. In every department of its work, Macdonald strives to live up to its motto.

You who have benefitted by the school fairs started by the College are doubtless grateful for the benefits received. Have you ever realized that one of the best ways to repay a kindness is just to pass it on? If this is so, then your best course to pursue in showing your appreciation of Macdonald's efforts on your behalf is to be of service to someone else. Some of you are just about finishing school, or will be through in a couple of years. The question uppermost in your mind is "What will I be?" You yourself are best qualified to answer that question. Look around you carefully; study your own capabilities;

know your desires and learnings; then choose your course. Once you have made your choice, go ahead to fulfil it. Boys and girls — if you want to get somewhere and be somebody, let nothing stand in your way. Provided your goal is a worthy one, hang on like grim death till you have accomplished your purpose. The road may be long and hard; the trials difficult and numerous; but don't give up. The glory of achievement is well worth the effort. You may want to go to college, but have not the money. Well, get to work and earn it. The majority of the men students at Macdonald are paying their own way. You fellows can do the same.

Remember our motto — "Mastery For Service". Note that word "Mastery". We assume now that you have made your choice of an avocation.

You all want to succeed — to be experts in your line. This end can be attained only through a thorough mastery of your chosen profession. And the price of success is unceasing application to the work in hand. The mastery of a subject means thorough knowledge of its principles and application. If you have secured that great quality of thoroughness, you have one of the most valuable assets that it is possible to possess. Cultivate it all you can. When you have mastered your profession, you need only to look around you to find ample opportunity to be of service to

others. No community is so good that it does not require improvement. Canada needs big-souled, far-sighted men and women to-day more than ever. The soldiers did their bit of service at the

front. Here in Canada is your opportunity to carry out "Mastery For Service."

M. MacLENNAN.

The Maple Tree's Story

What a dreary place the country would be if there were no trees growing in our fields, on the hills, or in the valleys beside the sparkling brooks and rivers! Think of the difference it would make to us all! There would be no nice trees for the cattle to lie under during the hot summer days, no shady groves of maples in which to hold those happy picnics after haying is over, and no tree from which to hang the old swing. There would be no nuts to gather in the fall. In the winter father and the big brothers would not be able to get out any firewood. In the spring there would be no sugar making and many of the pretty flowers we gather in the woods would not bloom for they like damp shady places.

We are indeed fortunate to have so many nice trees growing all over this province and perhaps we are so used to them that we do not notice them nor enjoy them as much as we should. Perhaps if we were living away out west on the prairies, where trees are very scarce and have to be planted around the houses and schools, we would think more of them and take more interest in them.

If the trees could talk what an interesting story they could tell us about themselves! Suppose we imagine that the big maple tree can talk and that we are listening to its story.

"I am getting pretty old now and things have changed a lot since I was

young. The man who used to come every spring and hang a sap can on my trunk does not come any more but the little boy who used to come with him is a big man now and every year when the sap begins to run he comes and hangs a couple of cans on my side. He tells the boys that I have grown a lot since he was young and shows them some of the holes where I was tapped other years. Those that were made long ago have disappeared because I am always making new bark and casting off the old pieces.

"My life started in a funny way. Once I was a little seed and hung on the tree along with a brother of mine. We were joined together and each of us had a thick green covering wrapped around us. Each of us had a little wing fastened on to us. One day in the early fall, when it was very windy we were blown away from the mother tree and carried quite a distance through the air. My brother and I separated and I was blown along faster than ever by the little brown wing. At last I fell to earth in a place where the ground was nice and soft.

"The weather soon became cold and I was glad I was inside the thick covering. All through the long winter I lay there in my snug bed protected by the leaves and the snow. When spring came a change began to take place in me. The sun and the air and the water in the soil all seemed to coax me to

leave the little covering and to come out into the light above the ground so I pushed my two tiny leaves out into the air and sent my tiny root down into the ground.

"The thick covering that protected me all winter gave me food to do this, but it soon disappeared and soon my roots and leaves began to take food from the soil and the air. I grew very slowly at first and I was nearly killed different times. Once a cow tramped on me and I was badly hurt, but I got over it. Another time I was nearly eaten by the same cow. After some years I began to have a small trunk and some branches and was tall enough to see around me. My tiny root had become larger and had branches on it which reached out on all sides. The rain sank into the ground and melted some of the plant food in the soil, and then it entered my roots through very small root hairs growing near the ends of my tiny rootlets. My roots also held me in place when a big wind came. Several times I would have been blown over if they had not held me fast.

"My leaves were also helping me to grow. In the summer they took food from the air and mixed it with the food the roots had sent up and with the help of the sun and other things they made up a big supply of food for me, called starch. A lot of this was stored up in my limbs, branches, and trunk so that I would have enough food to start growing the next spring before my leaves were able to help me. When the fall came and the leaves had done their work they all started to change colour and I became very brightly dressed. The green coloring in the leaves went back into the limbs and woody part of the tree. Soon the leaves all fell off and I was left looking quite

bare with every twig and branch showing. I was sorry to see the leaves go but they would have been of no use to me during the cold winter weather, and would have been torn by the heavy winds and destroyed by the cold. They fell on the earth and rotted and helped make new soil and so they came back again a long while afterwards in the plant food that came in through my roots.

"When winter started I had already formed my sharp-pointed long buds for next spring. They were well protected by scales which covered up the tiny leaves inside and kept them safe from the cold and the winds. Some of my buds were flower buds. Perhaps you didn't know that I have flowers every spring just the same as other plants do. They are not large and you will have to look carefully to see them. If I had no flowers I would bear no seed. At first I didn't have very many but now I generally have a great many flowers which come out of some of my buds every spring when the leaf buds are turning into leaves.

"I can't tell you all about my flowers for it is a long story. There are two kinds of maple flowers. Sometimes they are both on the same tree and sometimes one maple has one kind and another maple the other. One kind grows pollen, a fine powder something like the powder you get on your nose when you smell a dandelion or a buttercup. This powder blows over on to the other flower and a wonderful change takes place in it and after a few months the little seeds I told you about at first are found hanging on the tree. I was very proud when I found that I had both kinds of flowers in my buds and could grow seed on my own branches. There is a big maple next

to me that never grows any seed because it only grows the flowers with the pollen on them.

“Well, the years have passed, and I have kept getting bigger. Besides my trunk, every limb and branch has become a little thicker every year. My trunk has not become any longer nor have the older branches, but each season the little buds at the ends of last year's twigs grow out further and higher.

“Every spring, when the weather begins to get a little warmer, the food that was stored in my branches and trunk begins to run through me and soon the little buds begin to get larger. Soon the scales spread apart and the little leaves begin to force their way out. At first they are all folded up, not very big and yellowish in colour, but as they are fed by the sap they get larger, smoother and greener and soon I am covered all over with a pretty dress of green.

“I have not told you all the story of my life but I hope that I have told you enough of it to make you take an interest in the trees that grow around your homes”.

Now that the maple tree has told us its story I am sure you will take more interest in studying not only this tree

but many of the other common trees that grow near your homes. If you are very anxious to find out more about the maple you can start to study it quite soon.

About the middle of March take a few branches off the maple tree and study the buds. Look for the scales that protect the inside of the bud. Take away the scales and see what is packed away inside. Take home a few of these branches and put them in water in a nice, warm sunny place. The buds will think that spring has come and will start to grow after a little while. You will be able to see the leaves come out of some buds and the flowers out of others. Try this experiment with other trees like the ash, willow, poplar and the lilac. You will be interested in seeing the different ways in which the buds come out. Change the water now and then and also cut the bottom off the twigs every few days.

When the trees begin to grow this spring see how much you can find out about their leaves, buds, flowers, etc. I am sure you will be surprised at the number of interesting things there are to study in the growth of our common trees.

JEM.

Interest in the Things of the Farm

When the editor of this section asked me to write an article that would be of special interest for the boys and girls, I thought over what I should write about for some time and then my mind went back to my own experience on the farm. I remembered how every chore of every description, that seemed to come around with amazing regular-

ity, used to look like a mountain instead of the very small job that it really was. These “small jobs” that have to be done on a farm during school time have been a great trouble to the boys and girls in the past and they still are. One of the big troubles with them is that all the young people can see is just a series of jobs, and what is really

wanted is a special interest in the things that have to be done. Just as soon as we get that interest the jobs become means to an end, and they are much more easily done because we are looking forward to the results and not considering the job as an end in itself.

My work happens to lie along the line of field crops and so I am going to suggest some lines of interest that the boys and girls can take up with the various crops on the farm, and if I am not mistaken — by singling out definite things and paying particular attention to them — your interest will be very much greater in all that you have to do.

There are a whole multitude of these small problems that I could suggest so I will not attempt to give you anything like a complete list. The first suggestion that I would make is that you pay particular attention to one side only of the oat crop. Nearly every farmer grows oats and nearly all of them are more or less affected with a disease called smut. This smut is a fungus disease that is very prevalent in this and other provinces and which annually takes a very heavy toll. Instead of developing a normal head, the plant that is affected with smut becomes a mass of black powder. This stage can best be seen just as the oats are coming into head. This disease can be prevented very easily by treating the grain before it is seeded. I am not going into all the details of it here but would suggest your studying this problem and finding out all you can about it. Ask your father how to control it and if he can't tell you write to us and we will be glad to give you full information.

On most farms we usually have a small acreage of roots; either mangels, swedes or turnips. Have you ever noticed that quite often the seed is not

good? It may fail to germinate properly or after it has grown the roots may not all belong to the same variety. Do you know that seed of all these varieties can be grown right there on the farm? It is just the right kind of a job for the boys and girls to look after. The **root crop** differs from very many other plants for it takes two years in which to complete its life. It makes its growth one year and produces seed the next. It is what is called a biennial. All you have to do is to go into the field late in the fall at harvest time and pick out the smoothest and best roots that you can find — twenty or twenty-five is a good number to start with. Store these roots in sand all winter in the coolest and darkest place that you can get, but don't let them freeze. Early in May, get them out and plant them in a rich piece of soil, just leaving the very tip out of the ground. Keep them cultivated all summer and when the seed is ripe harvest it in a bag, dry it and thresh it out. A few years work with even an ordinary variety will have a big effect on the crop. You will find the roots much more uniform and they will germinate much more quickly in the spring and make a much more vigorous growth.

For the older boys and girls there is another crop that you can grow with both interest and profit, viz. grain corn. There is a good opportunity here to grow the crop and select the seed for sale. Ask your father to let you have a quarter of an acre somewhere not too close to the other farm corn crop and plant that with the small yellow flint corn called Que. No. 28. It will only take a very small amount of seed to start you and I will be very glad to send sufficient to anyone that wishes it.

I have made just three suggestions of crops that the young people on the farm may take a special interest in and many more could be mentioned. Many boys and girls can date their success in, and their enjoyment of farm life from the time that they took a special interest in something about the place. Work, of any kind, is just a plain job so long as we are not interested in the results obtained. Once we have developed that interest there is no life that is more enjoyable or interesting. It is of the utmost importance to get that interest at the earliest possible date. Try out some of the things that I have suggested this

summer and see what success you have. One other thing — always get all the information you can from everyone that you come in contact with. If the Demonstrator or some one from the College or the Experimental Farm comes to your father's place ask all the questions you can think of about those things that you are interested in. If you don't have this opportunity you can always write and get the information that you want. By keeping your mind open and going and trying to work out better ways of doing things you will find an ever wider and wider interest and joy in the life on the farm.

L. C. Raymond.

Our School Fair

In Markham on an autumn day
The Agricultural hall was gay.
With flags and flowers it was bright
And surely 'twas a wondrous sight.

To see the children gathering there
With their exhibits held in air
The teachers then, and parents came
For well they knew the children's fame.

But soon the doors were closed and
locked,
The children to the Grandstand flocked
To see the live-stock judging, or
Over the poultry pens to pore.

The "peanut-man" did roaring trade
And Coney Islands were eaten and
made;
Cones were carried to the Grand-stand
And water-melon was in demand.

The calves were led, the sheep had

balked;
Across the track the judges stalked;
The first-prize colt was led away
By its proud, young owner that happy
day.

At last the doors were opened wide,
Excited children rushed inside;
Then came the parents smiling after
And air was filled with childish
laughter.

Rejoicing there and sorrow too;
Alas, the prizes were too few
For all the anxious children there
And many were in deep despair.

At last each prize was given out;
Some were received with joyous shout;
And then for home they hied away
And this was the end of a perfect day.

Ariel Miller (age 13 yrs.)

Markham, Ont.



Random Remarks on the Model Class

It's rather difficult to analyze the impressions made upon one by a hundred and fifty people resembling each other as much as klim resembles milk.

Perhaps it would be wiser, or at any rate safer, to take the Model Class as a whole for no competitions have yet been held to determine, "who is the prettiest," "who talks most", or "who works least."

They, taken as a whole, certainly made a lasting impression as they descended upon one in their formidable numbers, arrayed in those professional looking, brightly-new uniforms. Indeed so proud were some of the Models of the, "Outward and visible sign of an inward knowledge," that after lecture hours they still might be seen proudly wearing their colors as they strolled down the crowded streets of St. Anne's, and later across the campus, where even the grass looked as if it were trying to accustom itself to that dazzling blue.

However this attitude on the part of the students was soon replaced by the other extreme. With the dawning of the knowledge that no apparel provides

a royal road to teaching came the doffing of the blue by all except a few conservatives who would not be won over in a good cause. But, this attempt to express one's individuality was soon authoritatively and effectually checked. The Models once more arranged themselves in their striking colors. Altho the students themselves have survived the different stages well, yet the garments bear sad witness to better days, while their faded, leopard-like appearance shows the severe struggles they have endured to maintain their existence. But lest one should think by this rambling that the models consisted solely of uniforms, it might be better to say something about the students themselves.

On first looking around one might truly say, that variety is not wanting in the model class. Indeed one might believe that some wicked spirit started out on the first of September to visit every community for converts, and had with eyes shut, finger pointed, while turning North, East, South and West and saying "Ene Mene Minee Mo", suddenly stopped grasped its victim and

firmly said, "You'll do. Come. I'll initiate you into **The Brief Course in the Teaching Process.**"

As one became accustomed to one self in the guise of a student teacher, and to the appearance of our class mates; and as one's neck recovered from the lameness caused by frequent stretching and turning to see who number twenty-seven or sixty-three might be, one could feel the settling down to the steady routine of every day work and play.

Perhaps no one appreciates the ability of the model class more than the models do themselves. They not only expect their subconscious minds to work while they sleep at night, but also expect them to absorb knowledge of "How When and Why the Child's Mind Works—or Doesn't," while they sweetly sleep during lecture hours in the daytime. Notwithstanding this fact, it is whispered that the prevailing opinion of the staff is, that if some of the students displayed as much willingness to get up at 6 A.M. to ponder over "Methods of Teaching," as they do in seeing off their departing guests in the mornings

after the night before, that the length of the course might be considerably shortened.

The Models are justly proud of their showing in sports, and I'm sure everyone will admit that their defeats and victories are both taken gamely.

One need only to refer to the Elements to have their claims to ingenuity supported, as also their vigilance and justice in meting out suitable penalties to all wrong doers.

Not only on week days do the Models appear to be doing the right thing at the proper time but every Sunday morning they may be seen eagerly hurrying across the campus towards Church, for the purpose of moral instruction. Every evening they again set out, for the purpose of—Ask those who go:

One must not think, however, that the Models never appear serious, or that they undervalue their noble calling for the service of mankind, for one glance at their earnest faces at 7.30 A.M. would convince anyone, that they have already begun to understand the significance of "Mastery for Service".

Vivian M. Blake.

Teachers' Alumni

Miss Doris Booth, and Miss Doris Bresee, all of Class '18 are teaching in Strathearn School, Montreal.

Miss Frances Joseph, a graduate of the Model Class 1920, is, at present, in Jerusalem, Palestine, where she is doing secretarial work.

Miss Estelle Vessot, Miss Emily Cole and Miss Lillian Rogers, graduates of last year's Model Class, are teaching in schools, in Verdun.

We offer our congratulations to Miss Bessie (Betty) Chauvin on her engagement to Mr. Patterson.

Miss B. Rice and Miss Hazel Arnold, both of Class '18, are teaching in Riverside School, Montreal.

Miss C. Hodge, of the Model Class, 1920, is teaching in Royal Vale School, Montreal. Miss D. Starke, a graduate

of the same class, is teaching in Argyle School, Westmount.

Miss Hazel McCoy, of Class '18, has left the teaching profession and has undertaken matrimonial duties. Miss McCoy was married to Mr. Stewart McFaul this fall.

Miss A. Louis, of the Model Class 1917-1918, is teaching in Alexander School, Montreal. Miss G. Louis, her sister, is teaching in Bancroft School, Montreal. Miss G. Louis is a graduate of Class 1920.

Miss Elsie Swanston and Miss Muriel Campbell, both graduates of the Model Class '19, are teaching in Strathearn School, Montreal.

Miss Mabel Jeune of Class '18, who became Mrs. Douglas Taylor last August, is now teaching in Edward VII School, Montreal.

Miss M. Hodgeman, of Class 20, is teaching in Danville High School, Danville.

Miss Dorothy Lavers, a graduate of Class '16, and Miss Mildred Maxwell, a graduate of Class '17, are both teaching in Strathearn School, Montreal.

The marriage of Miss Violet Brook, a graduate of Class '18, to Mr. Reginald Armstrong, of Westmount, is taking place early this spring.

The Old Church Bells

By A. W. KNEELAND.

High in their steeple home, they hang,
Like things of life and thought and power;
And by their oft-repeated clang,
They measure off the passing hour;
Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

For matins in the dewy morn,
For vespers at the sun-set hour,
For Christenings of newly-born,
Ring out the bells in yonder tower.
Ding-dong-dell! Dind-dong-dell!

What tales of sorrow have those bells
Outpoured throughout the passing year!
What throbs of pain their peon tells
When falls each stroke on list'ning ears!
Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong!

When ruddy flames at dead of night,
Mount upward high as church's spire,
The bells clang out, as in affright,
The startling call of "Fire! Fire!"
Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

When to the skies a deathless soul,
Out from its tenement of clay,
Soars on angelic wings, the toll—
Ing of the bells breaks on the day.
Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong!

When low beneath the daisies, I
At peace, in my last slumber sleep,
Those bells will still in peans high,
Their carnival of music keep.
Ding-dong-dell! Ding-dong-dell!





My First Day in the Practice House

INITIATION had taken place in the dark ages, and one had become totally regardless of all residence rules: one entered the dining hall in confidence five minutes after the bell had rung; one had even attained a friendly standing with the President of the House Committee—in short, there seemed to be no whit of difference between the assurance of those old timers, the seniors, and that of the Junior Ad. One pursued one's studies and recreations in that state of mind wherein there is no cloud upon the horizon, no shadow across the path—nothing before one, apparently, but a succession of days passed in the same pleasant strain of ease and quiet enjoyment. There was time for peaceful contemplation; for attendance at Bible Class and two services at church on Sunday; for the renovation of the winter wardrobe, and for the commencement, with justifiable optimism, of the latest style in sweaters.

There is a bulletin board outside kitchen 102 at which one was not in the habit of glancing during the daily promenade to and from cooking class. This is a habit to be regretted, since

the fall from the heights of intellectual seclusion to which the mind had arisen need not have been so completely shattering. It is less of a blow to see your name in neat type half way down a list than it is to receive the same information delivered in stage whispers during the dictation of cooking notes: "You go into the apartment on the thirty first!" How could anyone be expected to produce coherent and orderly notes after this? It is impossible to discuss the thunderbolt at the moment since only one voice (and that a very delightful one) must be heard in the room, until the clatter of double boilers and Dover-beaters announces that "work" has begun. One's mind is in a turmoil; one groans aloud, and hastily changes it to a sneeze; one places one's hand to one's forehead and feigns oblivion to all the commonplaces of kitchen 102. Sympathetic glances meet one at every turn; a hand is thrust out to clasp the nerveless right hand of the poor oppressed, and one's wife whispers tenderly "I'll copy out all your notes for you." One's thoughts run continuously on the theme: "Waitress, housekeeper, cook,

hostess—however can I wait upon them? However can I cook for them? What on earth am I to say to them when I am Hostess?" This last question being unanswerable, one's mind becomes a blank until it drifts back again to the beginning, "Waitress, Housekeeper——" etc.

Breathlessly the day's routine is carried through—prune soufflé which will not souff; the washing up of pans around which the egg sticks obstinately, despite the usual precaution of soaking in cold water; the daily disappointment of the empty mail box; the afternoon in the chemistry lab., and not the slightest inkling of the purpose of the experiment. Oh happy day of rest and contentment, where art thou?

There follows a hurried review of "the things I must do before I go into the Apartment"—a sort of feverish haste to set one's house in order; a visit to the laundry, where, by the expression on one's face other laundresses are moved to sympathetic inquiry, and the sigh, which has now become a habit, precedes the mournful reply, "I go into the Apartment on the thirty first!"

The usual time set apart for dressing before supper to-day included a sprint to the village to purchase stores of toilet soap and tooth paste, all to the refrain of "Waitress, Housekeeper, Cook, Hostess—" (one's wife would be bored were it not for the fact that she herself lives in dread of a date early in March) The dream of a sweater is placed in the recesses of the bottom drawer, and those socks over the progress of which one has had cause to be self-congratulatory, are laid away, with a resigned shrug, to hibernate. The starched uniform and the spotless apron are placed with reverential care upon the table, and one turns from

one's room to go in search of the last necessity for Apartment life—an alarm clock.

Racing through the tunnel at 6.45 a.m. in no way restores one's equilibrium. Cold toes and a red nose do not make for the ideal of "ease, grace and convenience" with which the waitress is recommended to carry out her duties. One is advised by the cook to hang one's coat in the cleaning cupboard, and not to forget to sprinkle the mop and duster with kerosene. The mop has an unpleasant habit of banging noisily into each piece of furniture as it is wielded with nervous energy. At 7.15 the hostess arrives, and serenely remarks that the table napkins are in the right top drawer; that the mat should be in front of the hostess; that there should be a bread and butter plate placed near the bread board; that cereal is eaten with a dessert spoon and not with a knife; that it is 7.25, and that she is going to leave you to your own devices for 5 minutes, and don't forget that the table napkins are in the right hand top drawer, etc., etc. She disappeared into the living room, and nobody would ever guess the wild scramble which ensues between her going and the entrance into her presence of a not too disreputable looking waitress, a rosy cheeked cook and a smiling housekeeper.

During the first course the waitress busily repeats to herself "Remove from the left with the left hand and pass it to the right; then remove from the left with the left hand—" Needless to say she removes from the left with her right hand and passes to the left, then removes from the right with the left hand.

At the close of the meal one says tragically. "Did you ever see such an idiot as I am?" and the cook replies

"We've all been through that stage! Wait till you're cook!" and the hostess adds, "You did fine!" One's heart is too full to comment on these few kind words.

By the time the luncheon hour arrives one is feeling a little more chirpy, buoyed up by the attention bestowed upon one during the morning by her classmates, remembers the order of removing plates, and recovers her appetite sufficiently to appreciate the cocoa. She may even remark patronisingly to the producer of the beverage "Hm! But you're a good cook!" Cook shrugs her shoulders. "Wait till **you** are cook!" says she—which falls like a cold douche upon the ears of the waitress, and restrains her from venturing upon further praise.

After class the remainder of the afternoon is spent in washing the luncheon dishes, and in a hurried walk to the greenhouse to inspect the 'mums

Then comes dinner. The *ménu* is the chief source of interest to the waitress. She exerts all the artistic skill in her power in garnishing each dish; she speaks when she is not spoken to (a true sign that she has forgotten herself!) and, last but not least, she enthusiastically repeats her praise of the cook's ability, until that supercilious lady herself blushes modestly and declares that the waitress is a much better cook than she!

Tired, but glowing with the satisfaction of a full day's work completed with thoroughness, if not with perfection, one returns to one's room-mate, and responds happily to the petting and spoiling bestowed upon one: "Yes, I'm **dreadfully** tired—do give me my slippers!—but it's oodles of fun, and the food **is** good, and everyone chattered away at table, we made more **noise**—! Have you set the alarm clock? Bed for me!"

Health First !

There probably never has been a time in the history of the world when the question of conserving human life has loomed up with greater significance than at present. But life without health is rarely enjoyable or efficient. Men and women with strong arms, vigorous brains and clear eyes are needed to solve the many problems of to-day.

Our great nation is awaking to the fact that thousands of Canadians die every year, and that a large percentage of these deaths are unnecessary; that usually there are ten cases of serious illness for every death and yet much ill health is clearly preventable. Ill health means just this to Canada or any other country — the loss of millions of days

that should be spent in bringing the country to the highest state of civilization possible; the spending of millions of dollars for medicines and the treatment of disease; the marring of the enjoyment of labour and of recreation. We all in our own lives, have proved the last statement, and know that we neither enjoy work nor play if not feeling "up to the mark", but do both half heartedly, glad when they are over and we have a chance to rest.

The whole world is interested in the question as to whether or not human life can be prolonged. This, I think, depends largely upon the preservation of health and the prevention of illness. Good health is not so much "a gift of

the gods'' as many suppose. It is largely a purchaseable commodity, but to obtain it you must be willing to pay the price.

A discussion of this problem involves a study of the various conditions that make for health and vigor at different ages and in diverse circumstances. It is vastly more important to learn how to keep well than how to get well; the former means a knowledge of correct habits of living in every period of life, and includes such commonplace topics as proper eating, sleeping, exercise and mental poise.

Space does not permit a lengthy discourse on these topics; the following "Health Alphabet" emphasizes many:

- A.—Avoid large amounts of concentrated and irritating foods (candy, nuts, etc.), and avoid eating when overwrought or exhausted.
- B.—Breathe pure air; open all windows before you use the room or rooms in which you live or work. A third of your time is spent in bed, and while asleep all windows in your bedroom should be wide open. Breathing pure air all night makes one feel more rested in the morning and better able to work. Breathe deeply, slowly, regularly, through the nose.
- C.—Consume no more food than the body requires. If not enough food is taken the body will burn some of its own tissues; if too much the body grows fat, or the "machinery" may become clogged and thus injured.
- D.—Drink pure water—at least eight glasses per day. Drink milk—one quart a day for each child, and from one third to one half a quart a day for each grown person.
- E.—Eat plenty of fruits and vegetables. Spend at least as much for these, as for meat, fish and eggs.
- F.—Find congenial occupation — "the happy person is the busy person."
- G.—Give the body frequent baths, but never after a meal, or when greatly fatigued and perspiring from active exercise.
- H.—Have regular habits. Cultivate cheerful mental habits and a sense of humour. The mind and body 'work together, and unhappiness, if prolonged, usually leads to nervous depression that tends to lower all vital processes. Do not take yourself, or the affairs of your life, too seriously.
- I.—Insure good digestion by proper mastication. Mastication not only breaks up and softens food, but is one of the signals to the stomach to prepare for its duty.
- J.—Join forces with all organizations trying to promote efficiency and health.
- K.—Keep clean and avoid "catching disease." Always wash hands before eating.
- L.—Late hours are a destroyer of beauty. "Early to bed and early to rise."
- M.—Materialism, that is interest only in eating, drinking and striving for pleasure, does not make either for health or happiness.
- N.—Never bolt your food.
- O.—Observe regular meal hours, and refrain from food at all other times.
- P.—Practice Economy—economy means wise expenditures of time, money and energy.
- Q.—Question the benefit of too much medicine.
- R.—Remember that an "Ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Be periodically examined in order to find out if your body is in good working order.

S.—Serve foods attractively and well seasoned. Spotless linen, pretty dishes and well-cooked food all tend to put the prospective eater in a happy frame of mind.

T.—Temperance in all things and at all times.

U.—Under no condition neglect the teeth. If your teeth are decayed they produce poisons. Be sure to clean your teeth thoroughly each night and morning, and if possible, after every meal.

V.—Vigorous health is not only valu-

able, but is a possession which it is our duty to cultivate.

W.—Work hard, but play and rest too. Worry not at all.

X.—'Xercise daily—your body needs it.

Y.—Yield not to discouragement. A tragic situation may often be helped, if not averted, by a smile.

Z.—Zealously labour in the cause of health, and gain as your reward "a healthy mind in a healthy body."

M. M. CHUTE.

Science Alumni

Miss Mike Scott, Homemaker '21, is utilizing her spare time teaching cooking in Fredericton.

Miss Jennie Cameron, Senior administrator '21, is teaching domestic science in Mt. St. Bernard Convent, Antigonish, N.S.

Miss Isobel Bowden, Homemaker '19, has joined the ranks of the business profession.

Miss Phyllis Matthewman, Homemaker '19, is at present working in a government office in Ottawa, but expects to be with us again next year.

Miss Helen Murray, Senior Ad. has taken a position in the Victoria Hospital, Fredericton. We wish Helen every success.

Miss Evelyn Boldue, who for some time was in charge of the University

Settlement, Montreal, is still continuing her good work in Ottawa.

We were all very sorry indeed to lose one of our third year students, Miss Nancy Laidlaw, who has given up her course, and is now teaching school in Montreal.

Miss Dora Mathieson, Homemaker '21, is now a probationer in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal. We are looking forward to seeing "Dora" occasionally at "Mac."

Miss Dorothea Clelland visited the college on Feb. 15th, to play on the "Mac" Senior Basket ball team. We were all glad to see Dorothea with us again.

Miss Elspeth McIlroy, Junior Ad. '22, having spent a very enjoyable holiday in Montreal, has returned to her home in Hamilton, but expects to complete her administration course next year.

The West --- A Sketch

Horses galloping madly around a huge log corral now here, now there, now lost in the dust clouds rising in the hot air. Now seen again. Their riders swinging ropes, dragging bawling calves from the herd to the branding fire. The hot smell of singed hair and smoke. More swinging of ropes. The shouts of the cowboys mingling, in the awful din, with the clashing of horns and the bellowing of the cows for their calves. All this? A Round-Up!

A burning, intense heat. Clouds of dust slowly eddying upwards from the hoofs of thousands of cattle, a veritable sea of horns. The cowboys, following slowly, singing their plaintive songs. A steer quietly strays from the bunch in the hope of reaching some cool shade. A swirl of dust, loud yells. Then once more that same slow, steady, move onwards. All this? The Beef-drive!

Loud cheers and wild yells from the corral fence. Inside a horse and rider. The horse, rearing, sun-fishing, bucking, pitching, jack-knifing, and screeching frenziedly. But all to no avail. The rider is calm, and firm. A stop, a walk, a gentle trot. A few reluctant turns and one more horse is man's slave. All this? Breaking Horses.

Above one a cloudless, azure sky. Around one, the air like wine, the hum of countless crickets, and the smell of sage-brush in the hot sun. Beneath one and before one along stretch of yellowy-brown bunch-grass, with here and there a green patch of delicate cottonwoods. In the distance, a dark line of pine-wooded mountains. All around one, immense space. And this? The West.

Science Notes

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB.

Owing to the examinations there have been but two meetings of the Home Economics Club since the holidays.

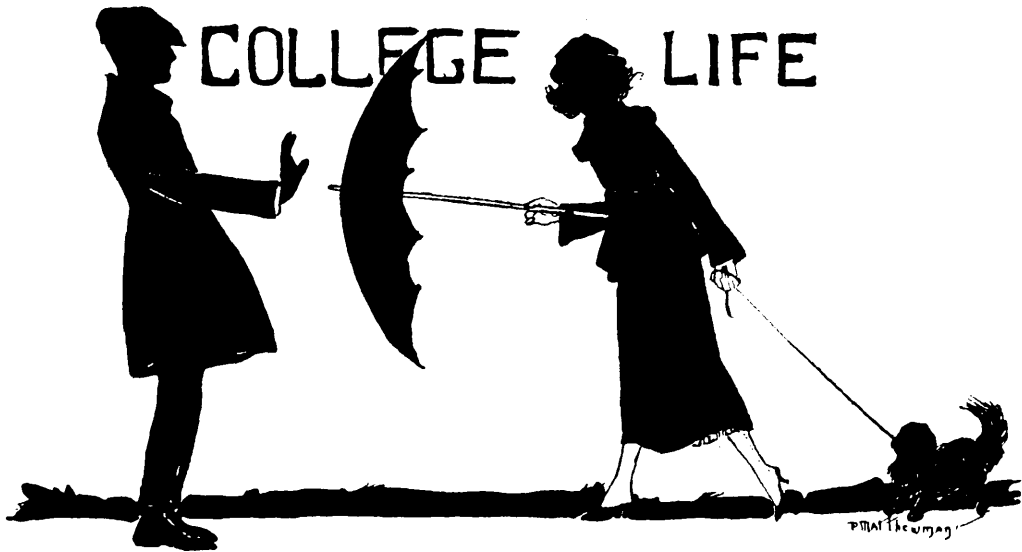
The first meeting at which Dr. Brunt delivered an address on "How to Debate", was held on January 11th. It was indeed interesting and instructive and we hope we shall hear more from Dr. Brunt soon.

The last meeting held on January 18th took the form of a practice debate the subject being "Resolved that uniforms should be worn at all times in schools and colleges." Miss Clarke, and Miss Frances Coleman had the affirmative while Miss Reynolds-Ball and Miss Olive Coleman supported the negative and won the debate. The Science girls acted as their own judges.

JUNIOR ADS' TRAMP.

On Wednesday, February 15, the Junior Administrators entertained themselves at a snowshoe tramp and a "feed" at Mrs Wright's. Anyone who happened to see these twelve young ladies starting out, garbed in ... well, various "costumes", awkwardly dragging an extraordinarily large tennis racket on each foot would wonder if it was some form of punishment similar to the ball and chain system. They, however, betrayed by their hilarious spirits the fact that they are having a "whale of a time." Just ask Mrs. Wright if the delicious tea she had ready for them was long in disappearing.

H. L. D.



THE FEBRUARY DANCE.

The second dance of the season was held on the third of February in the Men's Residence. The corridors and gymnasium were very effectively decorated with streamers, pennants and lighting effects. The feature of the decorations was, however, the plentitude of cosy corners on the second floor. For these, the ends of the corridors and the alcove were screened off with ferns and fir branches, with chairs and cushions behind. "A dim religious light" prevailed in all of these which lent an atmosphere of charm to otherwise commonplace spots.

The music was exceptionally good and the floor was excellent.

Supper was served in the College Dining Hall about eleven-thirty. The Dining Room was decorated simply by red and blue electric bulbs in the wall brackets, which gave a very festive appearance to the room. After supper the dancing continued till about two-thirty, when all were ready for bed.

Everyone enjoyed himself or herself to the full, and the graduates of Macdonald who were present remarked that it was one of the best dances they had attended in the College.

THE LITTLE NATIONAL LIVE STOCK SHOW.

On March 17th, the Live Stock Club will hold their Annual March Sale. This year some new features have been introduced; instead of the auction sale, the animals will be sold privately. Later the animals will be exhibited in different classes, and judged by the fourth year men. The men in the junior years will do all the fitting and exhibiting, while the organization, administration and preparation of the catalogue will be in charge of the men in the senior year.

The object of the sale is to acquaint the students with the proper method of fitting and preparing their stock for the show ring, and to test their ability in placing values on the different animals which they have to buy or sell.

A banquet is being arranged for the evening at which some of the prominent agriculturists and live stock breeders will address the club.

M.C.C.A. NOTES.

On the closing Sunday of last term a joint meeting was held in the Assembly Hall in the form of a "Christmas Vesper Service." Prof. Dickson spoke on the "History of Xmas and

Xmas Customs." He explained How Xmas carolling and customs differed in England from this country, and how the holly first came into use. To add to the Christmas effect Mr. Musgrove favored us with a few Christmas carols.

The Shawbridge Conference.

A week-end Conference of representatives of the McGill, R.V.C., and Macdonald branches of the S.C.A. was held at Shawbridge, Que., from Dec. 30th to Jan. 3rd. Our association sent three representatives, Miss Faith Mathewson and Messrs. W. H. Armitage and T. C. Vanterpool. They all assured us on their return that the trip was an experience both fascinating and poignant with material and mental pleasures.

The objects of the Conference were threefold. Firstly, to consider important features of the Student Movement work; secondly, to spend time in quiet study and prayer; and lastly, to get first hand contact with the Boys Farm which is one of our truly Christian Social institutions. The meetings were quite informal and plenty of time was left for recreation.

Dr. Gifford of Montreal gave several inspiring addresses, after which he led some very thought provoking discussions. Mr. J. M. Barss and Mr. Dawson, two gentleman in charge of the Boys Farm, gave two very interesting talks on the work and conditions at the institution and how the boys were treated. There are about one hundred and eighty boy delinquents at the farm which contains about 600 acres, and on which there are plenty of high grade live stock. The boys are segregated into cottages, about thirty to each cottage, with a "father" and "mother" in charge of each. This segregation system is provocative of good results

as it produces a competitive spirit between the boys of each cottage, especially in games, work and behaviour.

Our representatives report glowing accounts of the kind hospitality of the people at the Farm and especially of the boys themselves; and we hope that more members of the Macdonald association may be induced to attend the next conference, so that the whole student body might get a thorough realization of its meaning and benefits.

On the first Sunday after vacation the regular morning meeting of the Men Students was held in the Music Room. Dr. Brunt addressed the meeting on the Subject of "The Value of Good Literature." He emphasized the need for reading good literature and the benefits derived therefrom.

The following Sunday evening a joint "Sing-Song" was held in the Foyer of the Women's Residence. Mr. Vanterpool gave a very interesting report of the Shawbridge Conference, a brief outline of which has been given above.

On Feb. 7th we had the pleasure of a short visit from Mr. Clarke, the travelling Secretary of the Student Christian Movement. He met the executive for a short time after lunch and offered a few suggestions which might be carried out here at Macdonald. Mr. Clarke laid great stress on the need for Bible Study and mentioned the work which is being done along this line, particularly at Guelph.

On Feb. 12th, we were extremely fortunate in having the Rev. Canon A. P. Shatford of the Church of St. James the Apostle out. Mr. Shatford is one of the most prominent speakers in Montreal and we felt honored and indebted to him for coming out to speak to us on this occasion. The executive,

along with Mr. Shatford, was then entertained at afternoon tea by Miss Russel.

HON. DUNCAN MARSHALL'S
ADDRESS.

On Tuesday evening, February 21st, the Hon. Duncan Marshall addressed the members of the staff, and the agricultural students, of Macdonald College. All those who had the good fortune to be present, are not likely to forget Mr. Marshall's address, which was interesting inspiring and full of energy and brightness to the end. A spirit of wholeheartedness, and a breezy optimism pervaded his whole speech, which was characterized throughout by a very bright outlook for Canadian Agriculture.

Mr. Duncan was not only a former Minister of Agriculture for Alberta, but has also, at some time, operated a large ranch of his own. Consequently he was in an authoritative position to make such remarks as he did. At the commencement of his speech, he strongly emphasized the value and necessity of a scientific training in Agriculture to secure fitting success in such an occupation. Combined with this, there should be a strong love for the work, without which such a vocation would become drudgery. He pointed out also, that farming is not a business where much speculation is possible, and that the system of extension of credits is satisfactory up to a certain limit, beyond which it is dangerous, and should be avoided.

One of the problems which Canadian Agriculture has to solve, continued Mr. Marshall, is the reduction in the cost production. Many farmers suffer unreasonably with the present rate, so to encourage and support agriculture,

this problem should receive immediate consideration. The present depression in prices, moreover he claimed, would not only weed out a considerable amount of poor live-stock but would also serve as an incentive to keep only high class, purebred animals. In connection with the latter, Mr. Marshall strongly advocated the necessity, when undertaking the business of farming, of having a definite plan in view, and to work towards that ideal. One should pick out some particular line of stock to develop, and ultimately aim at the establishment of a high-class purebred herd or flock.

Another big problem facing agriculture today is the necessity of keeping the young boys and girls on the farm. The farm needs them and not the city! Is is a prevalent but erroneous impression that one should go to the city to "become somebody," and consequently measures should be taken to counter act this faulty notion. To do so, Mr. Marshall put forward many ideas.

He strongly advocated giving the boy and girls a good education, and to endeavour to encourage them to remain on the farms, where they are needed to build up an agricultural community fitting to such a country as ours. The school readers and books should display the delights and beauties of country life, with the endeavour to bring to the minds of the boys and girls the opportunities and attractive possibilities that lie in our rural communities. Every comparison should be given the young people, of the privileges which the country affords, as opposed to those of the city, and the many undesirable things with which the people, who live in the city, have to contend with should be made clear to them. "Inspiration work" should be

the aim of the older folk, and this should be developed by the establishment of regular School Fairs, Boys, and Girls Clubs of various kinds, Agricultural shows and exhibitions, and any measure to make the boys and girls fond of agriculture in general. This is essential for the development of a satisfied agricultural population and of a satisfactory agricultural industry.

Hearty applause, signifying a deep appreciation and the deep impression which his words created, followed his concluding remarks, after which Dr. Harrison kindly thanked Mr. Marshall for giving us such an inspiring address on this occasion.

THE APOLLO GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

On Wednesday evening, February 15th at eight o'clock an enthusiastic audience awaited the commencement of a concert. Presently the sounds of a chorus struck their ears and from then until their entertainers hurried away to catch the train for town the interest did not lag. The concert consisted of several well known old time English and Scotch songs interspersed with vocal and instrumental solos. Every individual left the hall with a deep feeling of appreciation and gladness that his or her attendance was not denied.

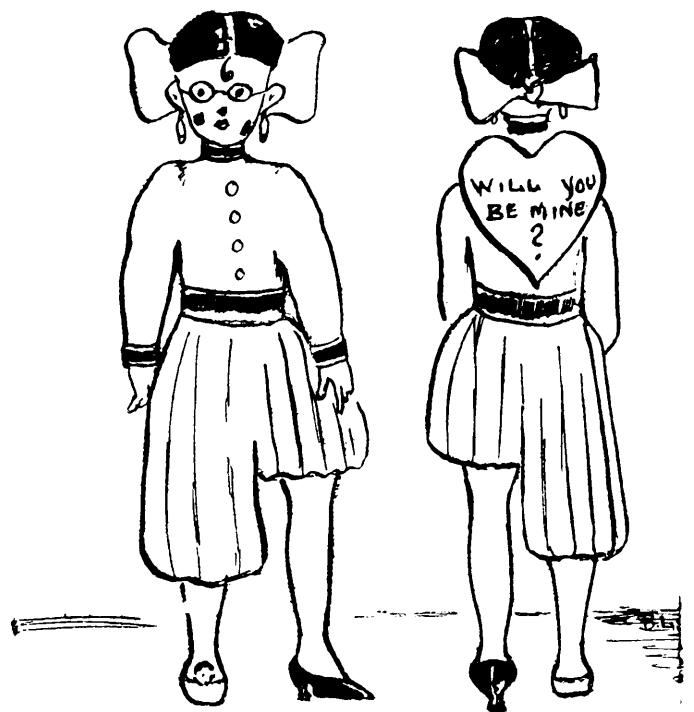
The only regret was, that owing to an ample programme, well rendered and appreciated by way of hearty applause, the entertainers were compelled by time to leave several songs unsung.

As upon former occasions the Apollo Glee Club has left an extremely favorable impression upon those at Macdonald, and the recent visit has only served to increase this splendid reputation.

INITIATION OF THE ELEMENTARY CLASS.

What a day of terrors! Everyone stopped in front of the bulletin board "What's new," came from different quarters. "Oh! nothing, only we are going to be initiated to-night" — this from an Element.

The Elements were told to meet in Gym. at 5 o'clock sharp, garbed in their artistic gym. suits (apologies to the designer), hose of different colors and odd shoes. Their hair was to be worn parted in the centre, rolled in a tight



TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION

knot and adorned with a bow of green ribbon.

Five o'clock came. The seniors proceeded to the Gym, where the Elements were awaiting them.

The Elements were blindfolded and then the Seniors added the finishing touches with the aid of color boxes and stick paints. They were presented with a red heart with the following inscription. "Will you Be Mine?" (This was very appropriate, it being Valentine day).

Soon all were arrayed to satisfaction and now came the grand review. They were all inspected and defects were remedied. Then they were instructed in the "Goose Step" and songs.

Next came supper and at a given signal the "Elements" entered the dining-room, and marched around the tables to the awe-inspiring strains of the "Dead March in Saul."

Eventually they reached their tables, but alas! no peace was theirs. The only available silver-ware were knives. At different intervals, during the meal, they rendered songs which were much appreciated. The beneficial sport of Leap Frog was also indulged in.

After supper, all went to the Gym. where the "Elements" gave an exhibition of their skill in dancing, singing and gymnastics.

This over, a senior read the constitution by candle light and thanked the "Elements" for the sporty way in which they had taken their initiation.

"Lunch" was served in a Senior's room and the event closed by a flash-light snap of the "Elements" in full costume.

TRIP TO THE MONTREAL DAIRIES.

A band of twenty-three lusty Junior's accompanied by Mr. E. G. Hood, journeyed to Montreal on Saturday, Jan. 14th, for the purpose of inspecting several of the city dairies. Three dairies in all were visited, Borden's the Guaranteed, and Joubert's, and the managers of the various plants spared no efforts in acquainting the students with all the operations involved in the handling of milk and its products.

The trip combined business with pleasure for besides being educational it proved to be intensely interesting.

Especially was this fact demonstrated when a huge quantity of every variety of ice cream was placed before this most receptive assembly after the completion of the inspection of Joubert's dairy.

After each individual had eaten probably more ice cream than he should have, one and all united in saying that it was the most enjoyable morning's work they had accomplished for a considerable time.

SKATING PARTY.

On Saturday, Jan. 14th a most enjoyable evening took the form of a skating party, given by the girls of the Third Year Household Science and the Senior Administrators to the members of the Third Year Agriculture and the students taking special courses. The scene of action was the Union Church rink.

It was the first skating indulged in by the majority of those present this winter, and this was one of the two chief reasons why it proved to be so enjoyable. The other is self-evident.

After a period of skating thoroughly enjoyed by everybody, the party adjourned to the "foyer" of the girls residence to be greeted there by the cheerful and brightening influence of a log fire.

To round out the evening's pleasure hot dogs and coffee were served and much appreciated, the exercise on the rink having produced in each individual a healthy and keen appetite. Full justice was therefore done to this part of the program.

All good things must come to an end, however, and the party was compelled to break up, concluding a most enjoyable evening's entertainment.

HORTICULTURAL CLUB NOTES.

The Horticultural Club of Macdonald College resumed its activities for the second term of the session, by holding a joint meeting with the Biology Club on January 13th. A large attendance of students marked this gathering, and these students were the recipients of two very interesting and instructive addresses.

Our second meeting was held on February 17th, on which occasion we were fortunate in having Mr. Carey, of the Dominion Fruit Branch, to address us. The large gathering of students, who were present, were fully repaid by what Mr. Carey had to say. The latter dealt with his subject along very general lines, and in such an informal manner that he could not fail to make his address both interesting and enjoyable.

Mr. Carey first spoke on "The Imperial Fruit Show" at London, Eng., and followed this by some remarks on "The Advantages and Prospects of Fruit Growing in Eastern Canada." In speaking about the Imperial Fruit Show, he lost no time in repudiating the prevalent but erroneous opinion that Quebec did not have a fair representation in her exhibits. It appears that the same opportunities were granted our Province as were given others, but with the judges lay the decision.

Further remarks were passed on the part which Canada plays in such an exhibition, and not only the advantages she reaps thereby, but also the effect which her exhibits have on other countries, and especially on the English people. Special emphasis was laid on the excellent reputation which Canadian apples had gained, with particular reference to the MacIntosh Red.

Mr. Carey then dealt with the principles of marketing and methods of sell-

ing of Horticultural produce. He strongly emphasized the value which a good reputation plays in connection with the same. His remarks made on "The Advantages and Prospects of Fruit Growing in Eastern Canada" were very enlightening, and for many throws a new light on the situation. Mr. Carey touched upon the respective opportunities of each Province, and concluded with the statement that our Province of Quebec presented the most attractive prospect, in that she has a big market in Montreal and is the home of many well known and famous varieties, such as the Fameuse, MacIntosh and others.

Discussion on many points took place, and questions were raised on many phases of the address which Mr. Carey so ably gave us. Following this general discussion, the president of our Club thanked the speaker in a few fitting words, after which he called for the adjournment.

BIOLOGY CLUB NOTES.

During the past two months the Biology Club has held two successful meetings; one on the 15th of January, and the other on the 9th of February.

Professor Dickson and Mr. Tawse were the speakers for our first meeting. They gave us some very interesting facts regarding the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Professor Dickson dealt chiefly with the development of this Association, and also gave us an insight into the types of papers read at the past meeting held at Toronto last December. Mr. Tawse laid stress on the papers given on the Agricultural and especially Horticultural subjects by the leading experts of Canada and the United States.

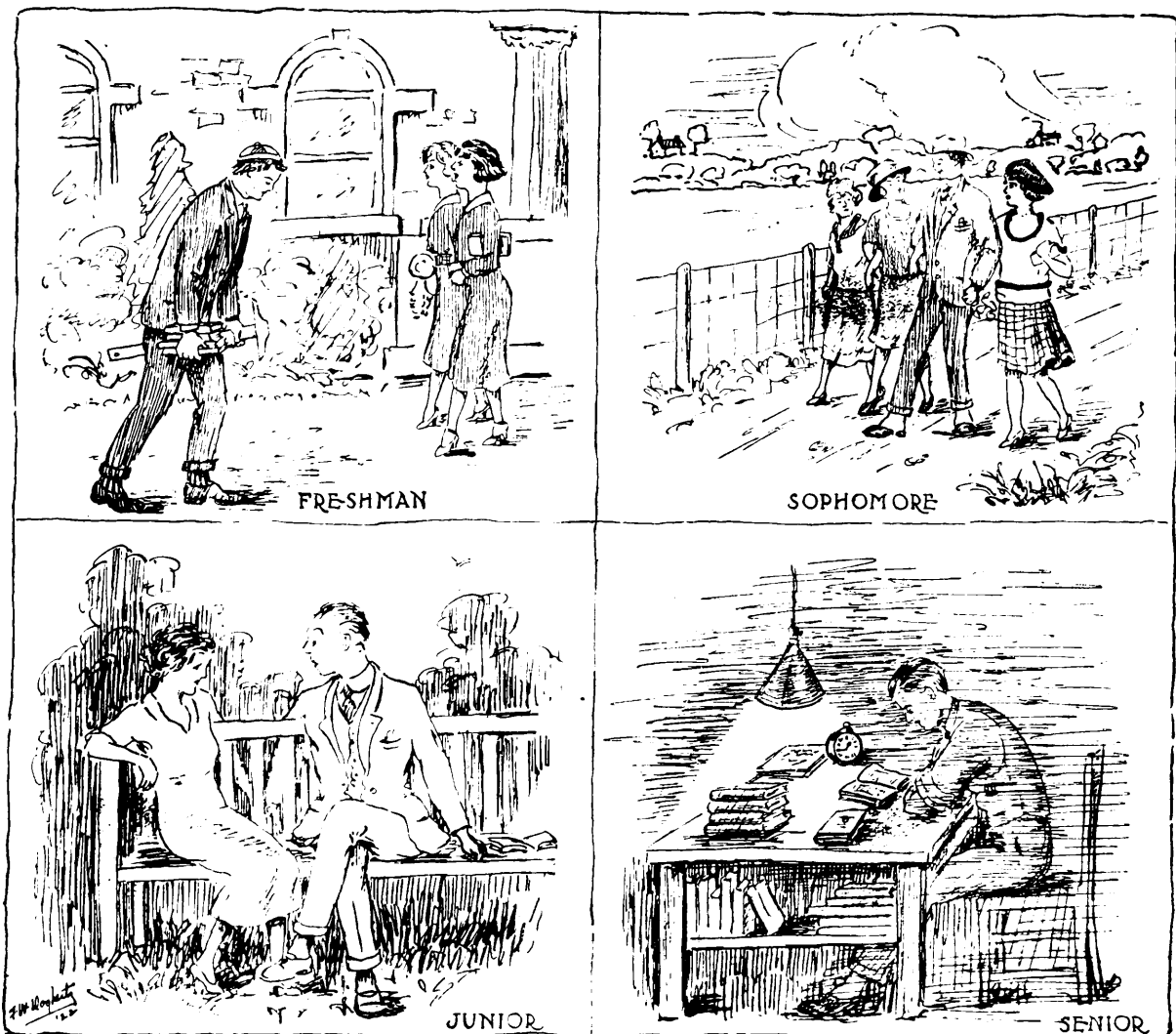
We were very fortunate in having Dr. Swaine of Ottawa address us at our last meeting. He gave us an illustrated

lecture on the ravages done to our forests, more especially to our Northern Quebec forest areas. The various destructive agents, such as fire, wind and insects were taken up in turn, stress being laid on insect damage. How the infested areas are inspected and how the amount of damage to these areas is estimated, were some of the interesting points taken up.

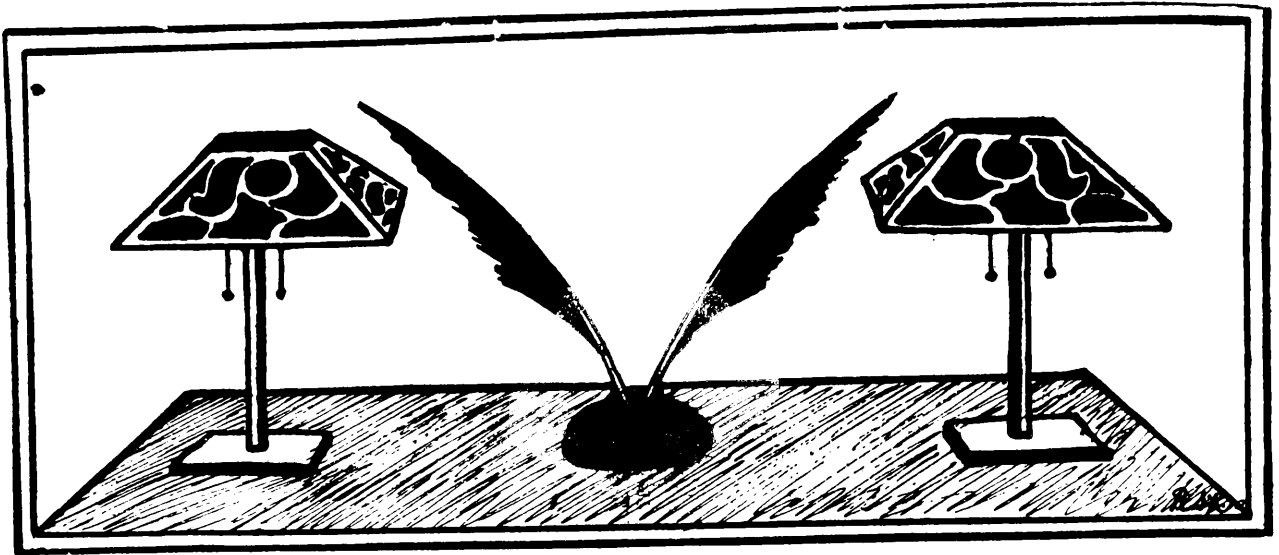
An interesting part of his speech was the aeroplane inspection work and how it is carried out; showing how the in-

festated trees were picked out from the healthy ones by the different coloration. Dr. Swaine has personally carried on this type of work throughout parts of our Quebec North country. He is thoroughly acquainted with the forestry situation in Canada, and what he left with us was of a very instructive character.

It is hoped that we may have more men who are specialists in Biology subjects to give us talks before the close of the year.



Evolution.



Under The Desk Lamp

FUSSING.

Sherman was right. So was a friend of mine when he said a short time ago "Co-education is a mistake." In fact it is so much of a mistake that it is all wrong. Only those who have been or are being co-educated know just how wrong it is. The presence of women in a college, and more particularly in a residential co-educational college, detracts from the interest men students take in the affairs of the college. This may seem an unnecessary assertion to make, yet three years' observation leads me to believe it is true. There is absolutely no use in trying to run activities in opposition to "fussing:" the latter wins every time. Ask a fellow to turn out and root for the team. "No, I'm going to fuss this afternoon." Try to get him to take part in the elocutionary contest: he is too stage-struck to use his vocal organs before the girls. Chances are that he can use them faultlessly before "a" girl on certain occasions, however.

Of course, it is only human nature. But in a college such as our own the whole life of the men students seems to revolve around the girls. No function is a success without them; no game is

of interest unless they are there; no skating is enjoyable unless they are present to enliven the evening. It is of course natural that this should be so. Nevertheless I venture to say that if more, and by all means the greater part, of this interest were turned to college activities the result would be astounding. Possibly part of the reason for fussing is a desire for recreation. At Macdonald, for instance, when a fellow desires recreation he has two alternatives — athletics or fussing. Nine times out of ten he decides to fuss. The result is poor support for athletics all the way from rugby to hockey. If there was no chance to fuss he would turn his energies in the direction of more virile activities.

It is rather discouraging to those who have the interest of athletics at heart to find on the rugby field a bare twelve men, and on the gym floor sometimes less than five men. At a function in the assembly hall when both sides of the campus are permitted to attend, there are men in abundance. There's a reason. As stated before it is only natural. But all the same, it is deplorable.

M. MacLeman.

EXAM RESULTS.

History tells us that patience is often a virtue. In the case of students in the school of Agriculture this virtue is certainly a very necessary part of their make-up. On the last day of January about forty-four students finished writing their examinations. At the time of writing — twenty-six days afterwards — there is no sign of the results of their labours. Of course, they are only mere students, but nevertheless they are sufficiently interested in their fates to desire to know as soon

as possible how they fared. It is hard to understand why it should take such a long time to correct such a small number of papers. There may be reasons. Nevertheless we would humbly draw the attention of those concerned to the fact that time is short, and that it may be necessary in some cases to make up a large number of marks for a pass in the finals. To this end it might be advisable to let the student know in good time what he must do.

MacL. '23.



Science Short Course.

Photo by Angell.

Rambling Rumbles

It has been said, I think by Solomon, that "there is nothing new under the sun." That may have been true with those old fogies, but, whoever had heard of a modern scientist in those palmy days of peace? We, in this the year of the War 1922, have ascertained from the superfluity of "one-fifth" normal variation of the surface tension of the *Drosophila* that something does "lie beyond the grave". Therefore, we enter upon this the umpteenth year of our stupendous mental, moral and spiritual (?) inquiry more or less imbued with the jangling jargon of the lecture room still resounding in our auditory appendages.

Some of the pleasant and distracting things (it would be irrevelant to say lightly sentimental) have been overshadowed by great events of our careers now regretfully past. The deeds of great men remain before our eyes and in the forefronts of our minds but the ponderous sayings of wise men overwhelm us — form in other words a sort of blind man's holiday in which we stop long enough to contemplate the time it takes to cross over the campus to lunch, for instance.

On the one hand Mr. Jull admonishes the rhetorically inclined freshman to "be specific" — as though he could be anything else in his unconscious display of ignorance on problems of genetics. Now we bustle over to see Prof. Barton outline the "fourteen points" of successful farm managership to the uncountable Sophomore class. I often wonder after such valuable enlightenment if he shouldn't have been at the Peace Conference in Paris. — I put it down in my old lop-eared diary—"he must have missed his calling." Usually the student feels that he isn't taking down sufficient notes for the day so

when he arrives before Mr. Ross is greeted with this startling remark: "I don't want to bother you fellows with too many notes."—Oh, Lord, what a relief this is!

It is time for the second hour now and "Jimmy" has the Juniors delving into the transportation of beef from the college stables to the staff tables — a nice array of figures upon the blackboard, covering every corner of it nicely—and at the end affixing, "Is this perfectly clear to you men?" Of course, it is! Hustling over to get the latest "dope" on cereals our old friend greets us with a tickling wisp of barley in one hand and a complete germination process upon the other. What can this mean? Oh, yes, he is rising carefully. Now he peers over the edge of the desk away up in front and asks the simple question: "Well, tell us what you find, Blank? Thereupon, the whole discussion of barley for beer or "beaver-board" opens much to our delight. The upper classes must be extremely lucky today as the Seniors are wrestling with the breeds and pedigrees of bobtailed jungle monkeys by "L. C." who insists upon keeping before their minds the "limiting factors" as set down in "these tables on the board." During the same period Prof. Dickson tells the Plant Pathologists that chloroplasts are "moreover" a standard of excellence in plum pits.

A loud ringing occurs and the third period brings the Juniors with their "pads and pencils" to Hodgins' newspaper plant. We are told that by exchanging our nasal appendages (present ones, of course) for the new "nose for news" we can handle any journalistic problem. But Juniors' budgets can't usually afford this so we hunt out Dr. Brunt who "economically" tells us we may "seize" some, but adds, "understand, I am not saying this is altogether true." But these

things are only illusionary and I mention them in passing, we want something solid to feed upon so we stroll up to the Science hall. We wander aimlessly into the lecture room and gaze upon the melodious voiced instructor, whoever he may be. If Prof. McCarthy appears his first challenge is, "Fill up the first row of seats first." But, on the other hand, if Dr. Snell handles the class he is not so outspoken at the beginning but rather conserves his famous utterings until nearer the close, one of which stands out engraved in detail. "I think I've explained this before." Yes, we think he has, perhaps, but we are a modest class and thus do not wish to display outstanding wisdom therewith. On other days, and with other classes also, Dr. Lynde holds forth very pleasantly and persistently until just near the end when he suddenly breaks. — Yes, sir, breaks! and what do you think he does? Only this is all. "Take this down for next day." Like "Blue-Jay" corn plasters, "Nuff sed."

During these moments of bliss the Teachers can be heard to cease expostulating with their make believe pupils at the deep-toned and accurately-timed deep bass voice of Dean Laird in his self-explanatory phrase "Sit down!" It may be said that it is to their credit that they usually do. But the teachers are not narrowly trained, they take mathematics under Mr. Percival ("Percy"). His standard explanation for the prevailing tendency among the girls to be old-fashioned may be summed up in that old antedeluvian proverb, "My fadder he vote for Laurier, I s'pose I vote for Laurier." We're awfully hungry aren't we girls—being about 11 a.m.—after that slice of toast and three dainty sips of milk for breakfast. But we have to see "Tommy" yet. (You see, dear reader, the girls are really on very

intimate terms with their instructors). Well, they file or rather stampede upstairs, and ask where they are supposed to take this lecture. There is always the aimable Mr. Thompson close by who replies, pointing to the open door. "In there."

Agriculture, Teachers and Science are again gathered into the laboratories for the afternoon performance (Sure, that's a good word, 'matinee'). The pudding has the desired "sleepy" effect and we weave exciting dream — tales around Prof. Lockhead's ("Pop") lectures about the "Nigger in the Wood-Pile". He knows how to hold our interest. We are routing the Negro while the Freshmen see how every other engine is made just like the Ford car (?) according to Heimpel, and Raymond elucidated on the value of a one-year rotation until he concludes by saying "that's enough on that point."

And the Sophomores hear all about how "Mr. Newman's farm is at Lachine" which must be Prof. Bunting's annual fishing grounds or hunting reserve. Evidently they would all feel that they had met Mr. Newman personally. The Winter course are always packing apples in the basement. Mr. Tawse discovers the apples disappearing whereupon he rebukes them severely by adding that "It doesn't always work, eh?" Now the Special course are always expecting Mr. Howitt to take up the threads he has dropped (I mean lectures) and "take them up in the next lecture. Mr. Walker ("Archie") gives them a heart-to-heart talk on the importance of "Boolbs and Cor-r-roms" as parlor ornaments.

Over in the arena Alec. Ness says the Seniors may have more wool on the gaskin of the horse "if you will," and in P. P. Mr. Du Porte says: "This microscopic organism is called!", and, Coulson reminds them that they will use the "flowerscape" for the experiments.

P. S.—As the Magazine goes to press before I shall have had time to finish I must apologize for failure to outline the Household Science Course. This is most important and will be dealt with alone in another issue.



Photo by Angell.

	Holmes	MacLennan	
Sutherland		Templeton	Winter
J. B. Smith			Bowen



BASKETBALL.

Fortune has not smiled very favourably on the efforts of our basketball team this season. Although losing more games than we won, most of those lost went to our opponents by such narrow margins that there was nothing in the nature of a walkover in them. The team was greatly handicapped from lack of practice. At the first of the season the practices were well attended, but of late there have been very few men out. The reason for this lack of interest is hard to determine. The fundamental reason underlying it is of course human nature. If a man is not put on a team early in the season he loses some of his interest in the game, and so becomes careless about attending practices. There is also a fault in the manner of conducting practices — and this applies equally to all athletics. Frequently there is heard the complaint that unless one is a good player he gets no chance whatever to get on the floor and learn. The writer knows what it is to sit on the side-lines and wait.

However, all should be big enough to sink their differences and pull together for the sake of the college.

The exasperating feature about this season's basketball activities is that we have almost the same team that did so

well last year, and through lack of thorough and systematic practice have not done nearly as well as could have been done. It must not happen again. Also, if a suggestion is in order, why not begin now to develop next season's team? We lose three of our first team this spring with the graduating class. We will have to get busy right away to fill their places. Before the session ends quite a bit may be done to put many men in fair shape. We should also keep an eye to the future and develop as many men as possible to fill places left vacant year by year. To this end, why could we not have one series of practices for those who already know the game, and another series for those who do not know it but are anxious to learn? In this way the greatest good will be derived by the greatest numbers.

BASEBALL.

The Montreal City and District Baseball League got under way on February 9th. There are four teams in the league, two being from Macdonald (Staff and Students) and two from McGill (Whites and Reds.)

The opening games were Staff vs Reds at Macdonald and Whites vs

Students, played in the Montreal High School Gymnasium. In both games Macdonald went down to defeat, the breaks being against them. The Staff were defeated 33 to 32 while the Student's lost 6-5.

STAFF vs REDS.

The game between the College Staff and the McGill Reds opened the baseball league season at the college. The

their half of the ninth the staff failed to poke in the lone run that would have tied the score, and lost by the one run. Poor fielding was mainly responsible for the defeat of the staff team.

STUDENT'S vs WHITES

The Students lost to McGill Whites on February 9th the closest game of Indoor Baseball that any of the players ever participated in or witnessed. This



Holmes
Dimmock

Atwell
Brighton
Maw

Skinner
Ness
Winter

Templeton
Vanterpool

Photo by Angell.

game was replete with thrills throughout. The scoring was close from the first inning on, and the result was in doubt to the very last. In fact, the Reds went to bat in their half of the ninth several runs behind. They succeeded in overcoming the lead, and in adding several more to the score. In

can be easily imagined by the score of 6-5 which is an extremely low score for indoor ball. Both teams played airtight ball and every player was down to business. Skinner, who occupied the box for the Student's, pitched a game, second to none, during his career at the college; allowing practically no free

bases and the hits were few and far between. Several times the bases were full, due to pop flies which could easily have been caught if it had not been for the ball striking against fixturs, for which the Montreal High Gym is noted, when he would turn around and strike them out in one-two-three order.

The Whites playing an excellent brand of ball had the advantage in breaks. The score was 5-5 in the ninth inning when the Student's who were first to bat failed to secure a run, the first three men up being caught out on flies, while the whites won out on Philipott's clever stealing of basis and a sacrifice hit which brought him in.

The line-up was as follows for the Student's:

Bruce Ness, Captain and Catcher.

C. Skinner, Pitcher.

B. Templeton, First Base.

J. Winter, Third base.

H. Brighton, Short stop.

B. Holmes, Short stop.

A. J. Maw, Left field.

F. Dimmock, Centre field.

E. Atwell, Right field.

HOCKEY.

This year Macdonald entered a team in the McGill Inter-Faculty Hockey League. In this league there are six teams representing the Faculties of Arts, Science, Medicine, Dentistry, Commerce and Agriculture (Macdonald). Owing to the limited time left for winter sports there is only one game scheduled with each of the "Faculties", which means that Macdonald has in all five "League" games to play. Of these, three have been played off two resulting in defeat and the third in a victory.

But before the "League" games were played a number of exhibition games were staged in order to select a team

from the number of men who turned out to practices and in order to get that team in shape. As a result of the keen interest that has been shown in this, the king of winter sports, a fairly strong team has been selected. Much credit is due both to Walsh, the manager and to Rexford, who has acted as coach, for the interest which they have shown in getting the men out to practice and in trying to make a working unit out of the men finally chosen for the team. The latter are: Jack Welch (captain) Ness, Winters, Boiley, Buchannan, Richardson (goal), James, Jamieson and Faulkner.

Exhibition Games.

The first of the exhibition games played was against the Presbyterian College of McGill. This game had to be played on the Union Rink owing to the fact that the college rink was so late in getting started. The coach and captain made use of this game principally as a means of trying out the different men and hence it showed very little team work. In spite of this, however, Macdonald managed to win by a score of 2-1 after some over-time play.

In the second game, which was against the Theta Phi Fraternity, the playing was ragged on both sides but the final result was 3-2 in favor of the 'Frat.'

The third game was against an old rival of the College's; namely, the Village team from Ste. Annes. It keenly contested throughout and the issue remained in doubt until the last whistle blew leaving the College in the lead with a 2-1 score.

The fourth game was with Science '24. This was the closest game played and as the team was beginning to get into condition it was considerably faster and

showed a great deal more team-work than formerly. This game revealed one of the worst defects of the team, namely poor shooting. In general it was wild and inaccurate. This necessitated overtime for the college to win by the score of 2-1.

League Games.

On Feb. 13th the team went in to Montreal to play their first league game, with the Faculty of Medicine.

enemy territory most of the time. Their efforts netted them one goal, so that the game ended 2-1 for Medicine.

The second league game was played on the college rink on Feb. 18th against Arts. The day was bitterly cold, so that the spectators were few and far between. The game proved to be one of the fastest and most exciting games of the season. Arts scored first but Mac soon tied it, and then secured a lead



Buchanan Welsh
Jamieson Boilev

Faulkner Welch
Corbett

Rexford
Winter

Ness
James

Photo by Angell.

Due to some misunderstanding our boys did not get on the ice until just as the game was called, so that they had no chance of becoming familiar with the rink or of getting their goal tender used to the nets and lights. As a consequence Medicine scored twice in the first few minutes, but after that our team settled down, and besides allowing no further scoring kept the play in

which they maintained throughout. The feature of the game was Boilev's rushes which resulted in most of the scoring. The final count was Macdonald 3; Arts 2.

The game with Commerce was played on the McGill rink on Feb. 21st. Due to the mild weather of the two preceding days the ice was in bad condition and made fast work difficult. Our

boys got away to a good start and scored two goals in the first ten minutes, holding Commerce scoreless. However, in the last two periods Commerce put in five counters, while Macdonald got none. The game ended Commerce 5, Macdonald 2.

INTERCLASS GAMES.

The schedule for the Robertson Shield is now nearing completion. Both baseball and basketball games have been keenly contested. At present the Seniors are in the lead, with the Sophomore—Post Graduate—Specials combination tied with the Juniors for second place, the Winter Course third and the Freshmen at the bottom of the heap. The race for premier honours generally becomes closer as the season progresses, so that a good finish to the season may be expected.

In hockey the series is of necessity much more limited than is that of the indoor games. So far two games have been played — the Seniors winning from the Juniors 4-1, while the Winter Course had the large end of an 8-0 score over the Freshmen. The first game was replete with thrills, notably the splendid success of the Juniors in sweeping the ice. It was impossible for the reporter to determine which man had cleaned the largest number of square feet of surface. However, even the undaunted efforts of their sterling goal-keeper could not keep out the enemy bullets, and hockey is not a one-man game. The play-off for the cup promises a good game.

BOXING.

For the first time in several years, the Macdonald College Athletic Association was able this year to accept the invitation of the McGill Boxing, Wrestling and Fencing Club to take part in their Inter-Faculty Tournament. Ser-

geant Major Sharpe was asked to select the men who should represent the College, and he chose Hay, Bate and J. B. Smith. For various reasons, however, Smith was the only man who took part, and he was to box in the 175 lb. class. In the Semi-Finals he drew a bye and in the Finals he went against Martineau, Arts '23. This bout proved easy for Smith, and as a result he holds a handsome silver medal. The next meet in which he took part was the University Assault at Arms, which was held to select the men to represent McGill in the Intercollegiate Meet at Toronto. In the Semi Finals Connor defeated Martineau, and in the Finals Smith met Connor. This proved an exceedingly close bout but after an extra round the decision went to Smith. As a result of this Smith is one of the few Macdonald men to win the McGill M. Owing to a technicality, however, it was found that he was not eligible to take part in the Intercollegiate meet, much to our disappointment. Next year this obstacle will be removed and we hope to see Smith and as many others as possible, trying for places on the McGill Boxing Team.

SWIMMING.

Activity in this line of sport has been progressing apace. The climax will be reached on March 10th when a meet will be held to determine the aquatic honours of the college. The events are so arranged as to give everyone a chance to participate if they so desire. We hope the efforts of the executive will be rewarded with a full turnout.

MACDONALD COLLEGE STAFF A.A.

The annual meeting of this Club was held on Oct 28th 1921 at which follow-

ing Officers were elected:

Pres.: J. H. McOuat.

V.-Pres.: L. C. McOuat.

Secy-Treas.: R. C. Amaron.

To complete the executive were added the following captains:

Baseball: R. Summerby.

Basketball: R. L. Conklin.

Volley Ball: A. Walker.

Monday night is the gym night and sure is a full one. There is basketball as soon after supper as possible, baseball at 7.30 and volleyball at 8.30. At 9.45 there are eats in the Bachelors' Quarters and than music until 11. The

men have attended these classes well and the results must be very beneficial.

Baseball.

The team is at full strength and rounding into shape. We played and beat the Ore Hustlers, and in turn have lost to the students and McGill Reds. We expect some mighty games in the present league.

Basketball.

A small and faithful crew plays basketball and receives the good will and moral support of the Club. Our team has made a fairly good showing in the league in which it entered.

Girls' Athletics

"BASEBALL."

Baseball is still being carried on, although no games have been played lately. We expect to play the "Old Girls" sometime soon. We are also forming a league with some Montreal teams.

HOCKEY.

The Girl's Hockey Club belongs to the Montreal Amateur Ladies Hockey League, composed of five clubs, Royal Victoria College, Physical Education, Y. W. C. A., Teachers of Montreal City, and ourselves. The schedule provided for each club to play four games, one against each of the other members.

The first game against Physical Ed. had to be called off as it was the middle of January before our team got onto the ice at all.

The first game played was against R. V. C. The girls put up a good fight and considering their lack of practice played well. The score was 6 to 1 in favour of R. V. C. The line up was as follows:

R. V. C.

Macdonald

L. Kerr	Goal	C. McLimont
C. Robertson	Defence	F. Leggat
A. Roy	Defence	C. Crane
V. Foley	Wing	J. Hunt
E. Snider	Wing	E. Horsfall
I. Rough	Centre	K. Kuntz
R. Grand	Sub.	R. Elliot
I. Hill	Sub.	M. LeMesurier
	Sub.	M. Thompson

The second game was against Y. W. C. A. and was really thrilling. Two minutes to time, no one had scored a goal. In the last minute Miss Kenney made one for Y. W. The team felt the absence of K. Kuntz, very much.

Y. W.		Macdonald
F. Kenney	Centre	E. Horsfall
C. McLeod	Wing	H. Van Wart
P. Smith	Wing	W. Jones
E. Thompson	Defence	F. Leggat
F. W. Keyes	Defence	J. Hunt
A. Scott	Goal	C. McLimont
F. Date	Sub.	W. Mathieson
E. Penny	Sub.	R. Elliot
E. Wilkinson	Sub.	M. LeMesurier

The third game was played on a wet Saturday morning in Montreal on the Coliseum Rink. After two hours wait-

ing in the rain, on an early breakfast, it was played, 6 to 1 in favor of the Teachers.

If unfortunate in our scores, we have been fortunate in our coach, Mr. Jack Welsh, who deserves great credit for

BASKET BALL.

Since the publishing of the last Magazine the first two Basket Ball Teams have played several games. Before Christmas two games were played, one



Girls' Basketball Team.

Photo by Angell.

his faithful work in trying to put a creditable team in the field in the face of many difficulties.

with the "Old Girls" and the other with the "Girls High School," Montreal. Only the Senior Team played, the "Old

Girls'' winning by a score 32 to 19. The game was a close one and keen was the interest of the spectators. The two teams played G. H. S., the Senior losing 33 to 31, the Junior winning 34 to 23. Miss Woods starred for the Seniors while Miss Lemesurier was the outstanding forward on the Junior team.

Since Christmas, we have played more games. Two games were with Westmount High School in which the Seniors were twice successful and in which the Juniors, though they put up a hard fight, failed to tally as high as their opponents.

With the loss of Miss Woods from the Senior Team, we thought our Basket Ball would be greatly handicapped. But with great perseverance and hard practising on the part of the players our high standing was maintained.

The big game of the year was played against R. V. C., a game which had been looked forward to since the beginning of the Basket Ball season. Both our teams lost and by big margins, but the girls put up such a glorious fight that every basket was a well-earned one. Every girl played her best and against

such strong opponents it showed the mettle she was made of.

Perhaps a game of interest was the Science-Teachers played on January 23. The game was very keen and though a bit rough at times no after effects were felt. Our referee on this occasion was Mr. Templeton. The result of the game was, Teachers 19, Science 7.

The line up was as follows:

Teachers	Science
Miss Lemusirier	Miss McLean
" Elliot	" Lafferty
" Milne	" Reynolds-Ball
" Dougherty	" Kuntz
" Laing	" McLimont
" Blachford	" Abbott
Subs.	Subs.
Miss Gagnon	Miss Crane
" Moses	" Muir
" Moule	

The basket Ball season is not yet closed and we hope to go on to further victory. All thanks is due to Dr. Conklin who has coached the team so splendidly and to Mrs. Conklin who has been so good as to accompany us on our trips to town especially during the illness and convalescence of Mrs. Hobbs whose absence has been sorely felt by the G. A. A.



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THE W(HOLE) STORY.

It was early morning. The glistening rays of the rising sun had scarcely radiated through the glass and reached the wall when I found myself half asleep, half awake, with my eyes directed on a particularly bright spot. As I looked at it closer the at first insignificant object took the form of a living something — a ghost. It grew in magnitude; so did my curiosity. It was now a human-like being, and the following conversation took place between the two of us.

"I came in this world on a sudden" said the ghost." My existence was unlooked for and has never been cherished. If mutations are shared by the inorganic world I was a "peach" of a mute. The College had just been built, and its beauty, splendour and impressiveness were widely spoken of from mouth to mouth—its possibilities still more. It was in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and seven. A nice group of healthy-looking boys had registered, and one needed not to be a psychologist to see and measure the

effects of imbibition of science on their countenances and in their verbal intercourse with one another. The days were short and the nights were long. It was bridging December. The minute hand was well beyond eleven and darkness had superseded light. Noise had made way for silence and Morpheus had all, but one-two-or more, living creatures into his fold. It was then that something like the noise of a summer breeze on wall paper was heard. The door opened, the darkness shivered, and the silence was broken by an indefinable rattling and groaning that was different from what you hear in Sunday School. It was during that unearthly confusion that I was born. I am still where I was and the same old hole. I used to look fresher than I do now, but remember that Father Time and his weathering agents have changed me from brittle white to smooth, dirty, yellow."

I confess that I was very much touched by the thrilling story and said to him: "Your life must be a monotonous one and I am sure you would like to

quit this world with the same rapidity as you came in."

"Oh!" said the Ghost, "My life has been most uninteresting and I was forced to become a philosopher. Hope has been my long stand-by and it has covered a multitude of worries. I am not alone in the struggle, for if you look around you'll see many brothers and sisters of like origin and whose fate seem to be the same as mine — to wait, hope, wait... Yes, hope has been, is, and may be our commonest and strongest bond."

There was a pause, and a repulsive significance could easily be detected on the Ghost's face.

"Between you and me," said he, "for I believe you're a very decent person and your interest concerning me is certainly worthy of the utmost confidence, my greatest abomination is to be and remain a hole. I was despised from the second I was born, talked and written about, and I feel that I am a regular nuisance. I have been hoping that my place might be taken by something that is, but so far hope has been all-sufficient unto me."

"What do you mean," said I, "by being talked and written about?"

"I did not mean to hurt your feelings," said the Ghost, "as I said you are a very decent young man. It's when you're out that the trick is done. At least twice a year some people who carry with them a dignified air and never-to-be-gotten face come in, point their fingers at me scornfully, when they really seem to be looking out, or in the looking glass. Sometimes they are two. They always have a notebook. One does the talking, the other the writing. I do not know what they write about me, but it's all in figures, and, although I am written about every

time, the figures are always different. Sometimes I think that I am nearing the end but later find myself alone with hope. I realized that I am in a world of mystery, but oh! if you could enlighten me!

"Well you shall know all," said I. "These people whom you have mentioned and whom you have seen coming in year after year are known as 'caretakers' of buildings. Every year they look you over, estimate in round figures what it would cost to refill the space you now occupy, and put it down in the book. The difference in estimation depends on the inspector. They are not all young you know, and, to be sure that the old ways of calculating cost agree with our more modern ones, they always put it to the good. In the meantime no work is done and the money accumulates. I believe that in a few years they will be able to fill all the holes in our rooms with gold."

The Ghost began to dance in an uncontrollable fashion and his eyes were as bright as a lighthouse on a stormy night. After a rather long silence the Ghost asked me where the gold would come from.

"From us," said I, "and us includes me who now talks to you. Every year we students deposit a fixed sum of money to pay for anything unreasonable that might happen. They say the happenings are of various kinds, but it always happens that the said sum lasts for the term and no more — and sometimes no less. I have paid for your release many a time, so have my confreres, and we will undoubtedly continue to do so until we ourselves are released.

On that the Ghost blushed, wept, and departed.

W. H. P. '23.

He seized her in the dark and kissed her
 For a moment bliss was his,
 "Oh! he said, "I thought it was my
 sister."

She laughed and said, "It is!"

"Now in case anything should go
 wrong with this experiment," said the
 Professor, "we, and the laboratory with
 us, will be blown sky high." Now
 come a little closer, fellows, in order
 that you may follow me."

They Met.

They met within a darkened hall
 He said: "I've brought some roses."
 Her answer seemed irrelevant —
 It was, "How cold your nose is!"

* * *

A boy sat on the moon lit deck,
 His head was in a whirl,
 His eyes and mouth were full of hair,
 And his arms were full of girl.

* * *

"We would like to know."

1. Who has "hay" fever?
2. Where "Slim" got his marcelle wave.
3. Who Miss F. means by the "farmer and the fiddler."
4. When Mud is going to start his "gum factory," and if he will call it "Clay."
5. If there will be any "hay" at the Beach this summer.
6. Who uses green note paper.
7. Who says, "I think you're mean."
8. Who comes at the end of a conversation and says "What d'you say? Ah! tell me!"
9. Who got the Valentine about "Buttons"?? and who sent it?
10. Who was it asked an Animal Husbandry lecturer who was showing some visitors through the stables, whether he was licensed to sell milk?

11. Who put a transfer in the Montreal street Railway ticket box? and
12. Was it a case of the "absent minded professor.
13. Also who tried to cheat said company, of two cents? and
14. Did he get away with it?
15. If castor oil is a good antidote for ice cream?
16. What professor has a watch which loses half an hour in "ten" minutes? and
17. Is it an Ingersol?
18. If there is more than one student who studies Chemistry while dressing?
19. Who holds hands under the prayer book in church?
20. If misspickel is really a compound of iron pyrites and arsenic.
21. And should this compound be dangerous?
22. Why it is that the Geology students have been suffering from toothache, lately?
23. Why the girls hold each other's hand as they come into the dining hall?
24. Why some girls change their tables from time to time?
25. Why some boys change tables from time to time?
26. And why they sometimes change tables together?
27. Who ties Perron's bow-ties for him?
28. If Sir Herbert is really in love?
29. Where the flies go in the winter time, also the cockroaches?
30. If it is true that students are to have individual coffee percolators in the dinning hall in the near future?

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It's astonishing the luggage that a fellow
brings out here
The fellow and his luggage come to college
every year
And in every single box he's got, bar one
he keeps for cash,
You'll find that nearly every fellow brings
out the same old trash.

Exactly why he's coming here he wouldn't
like to say
Macdonald is a college that's improving
every day
And he's going to help improve it, though
the things he brings for such
You would hardly think are useful or are
going to help him much.

To begin with there's a camera for snap-
shots as a rule,
To take photos for his Mother and the
magazine at school;
Quite a marvelous invention is the "instant-
aneous stop."
With which he'll snap off" his room, or the
janitor and mop.

There's a pair of brand new spats he's got
of abnormal size
Such olly useful things to inspire envy in
these guys.
And a book on "The Ethics of the College-
man", quite a hit
Which a Senior's sure to collar if he gets a
sight of it.

The book-case, too, when opened up, con-
tains a wondrous stock:
The case itself is splendid, with a patent
sort of lock

You push a button, press a spring, then
slide a nickel bar,
And a certain little screw, when cliche! and
there you are.

Some lovely things in books he's got, par-
ticularly nice;
'The Union Castle Steamships Guide," chock
full of strange advice,
With menus, maps, and methods used for
curing "mal de mer,"
And dainty hints on dressing, and the nicest
things to wear.

With books on mathematics, Algebra, Heat
Light and sound
Why there's room for only a bug or two
to crawl around.
He quotes, "That can I know", What should
I do, "What may I hope
Then takes a girl to church, comes home and
lies around to mope.

The last things rather touching—its a photo
of his girl,
With a bunch of faded violets and an arti-
ficial cuurl;
They have sworn their love together, they
have both said they'll be true
And they both forget about it all within a
week or two.

I've met this man you've met this man, he'll
come for years and years
Choch-full of useless luggage, and choch-
full of great ideas,
Choch-full of great ambitions in his choch-
full little brain.
Tell he's choch-full of the College and he
goes back home again.

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EXCHANGES

The February Number of **Scientific Agriculture** contains an excellent paper on "Scientific Research in Agriculture" by Dr. Saunders, the originator of Marquis wheat and other new varieties of cereals. It shows the difficulties under which research students have to work at present, difficulties which, sooner or later, destroy the self respect and enthusiasm of the worker.

The write-up's of the members of the graduating class in **The Whisp** are very clever. The cuts, too, are good, but the joke section is rather out of proportion to the rest of the magazine.

The **Blue and White** is well above the average of School magazines, and is interesting throughout. The articles by members of the lower forms show considerable ability.

The **Occident** continues to maintain

its high standard. "The Colonel" and 'Thou Shalt not Bet' are especially good. 'Politics, Collegiate and Otherwise' depicts the attitude of the average student very well; we find the same difficulty here.

The following exchanges have also been received:—

"King's College Record", (Jany.-Feb.), Windsor, N.S.

"The Sheaf", Univ. of Sask., Saskatoon, Sask.

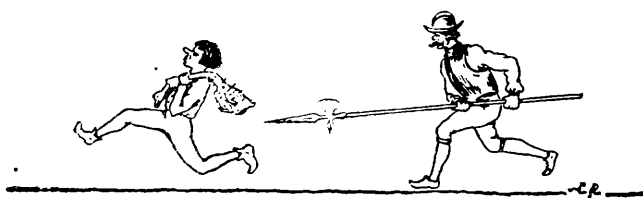
"The Dalhousie Gazette", Dalhousie Univ., Halifax, N.S.

"Queen's Journal", Queen's Univ., Kingston, Ont.

"Tamesis", University College, Reading, England.

"The Agricultural Gazette", Ottawa, Ont.

"The Labour Gazette", Ottawa.



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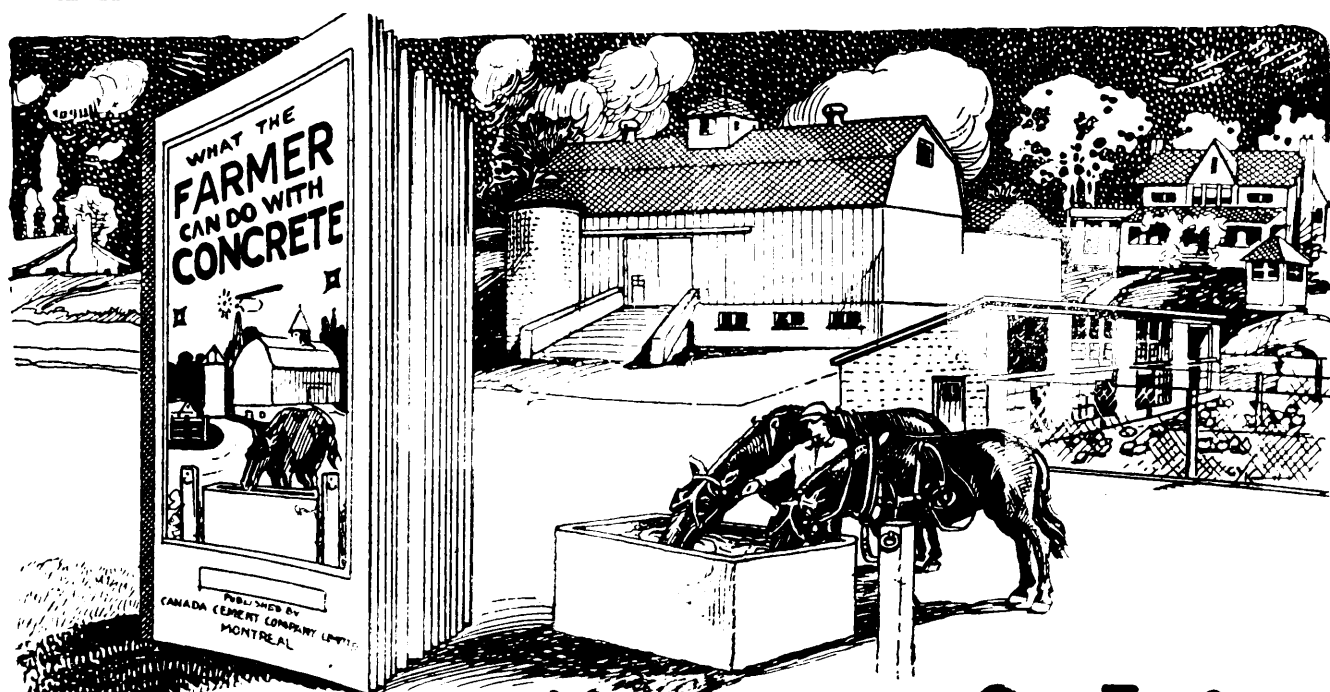
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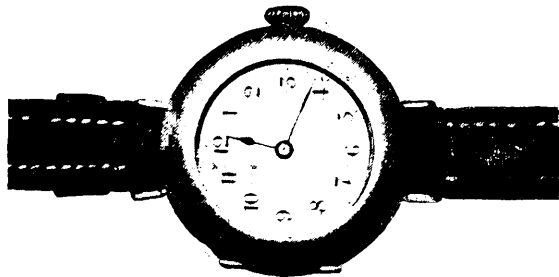
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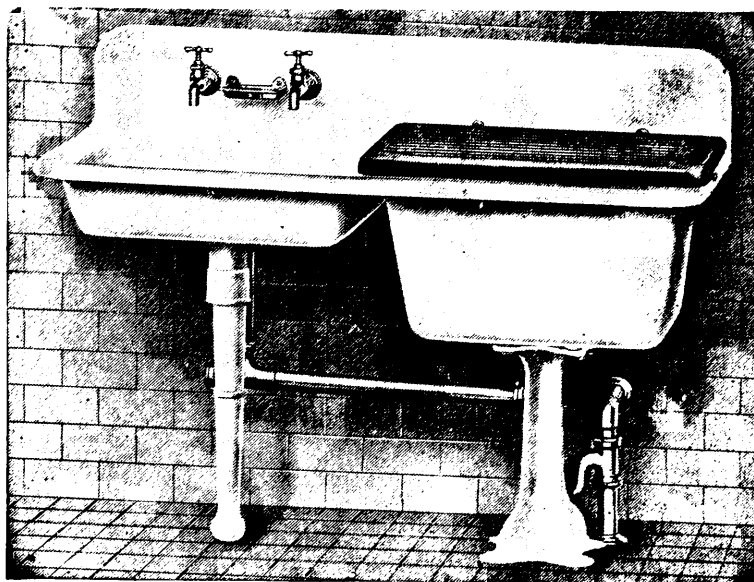
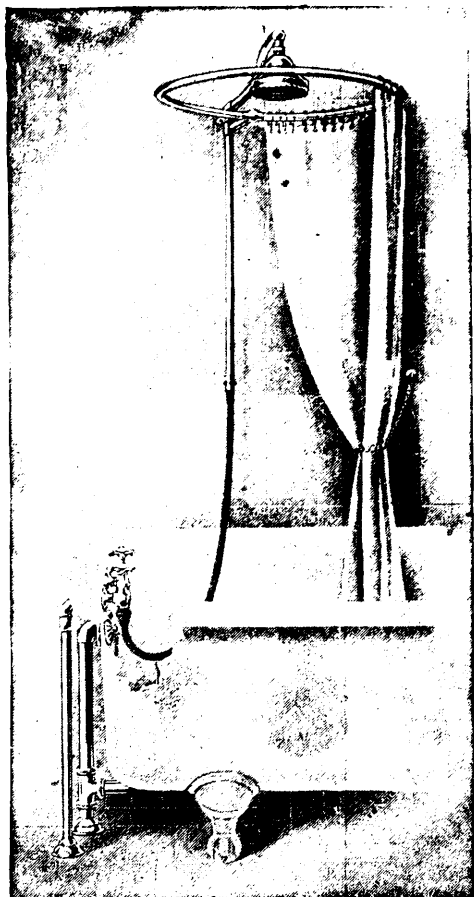
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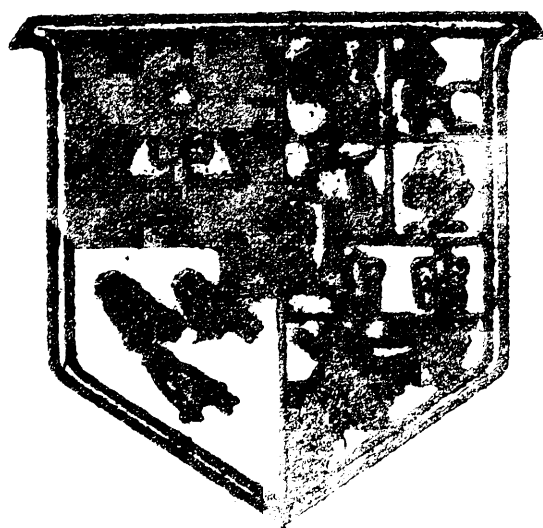
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Vol. 12

No. 4

Macdonald College Magazine



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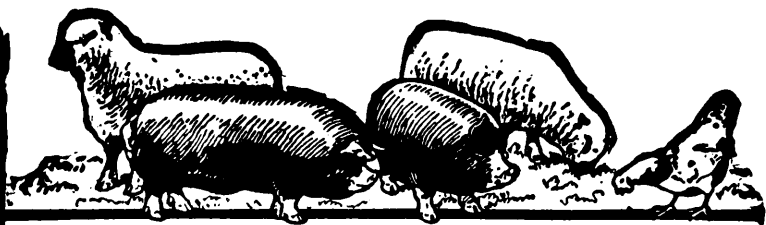
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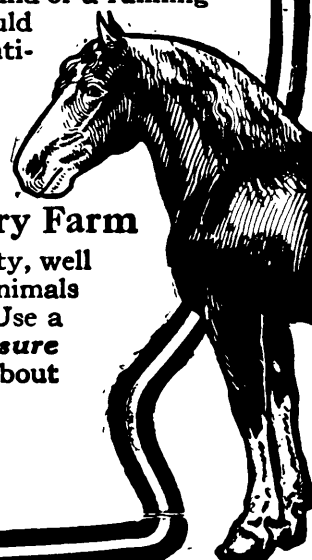
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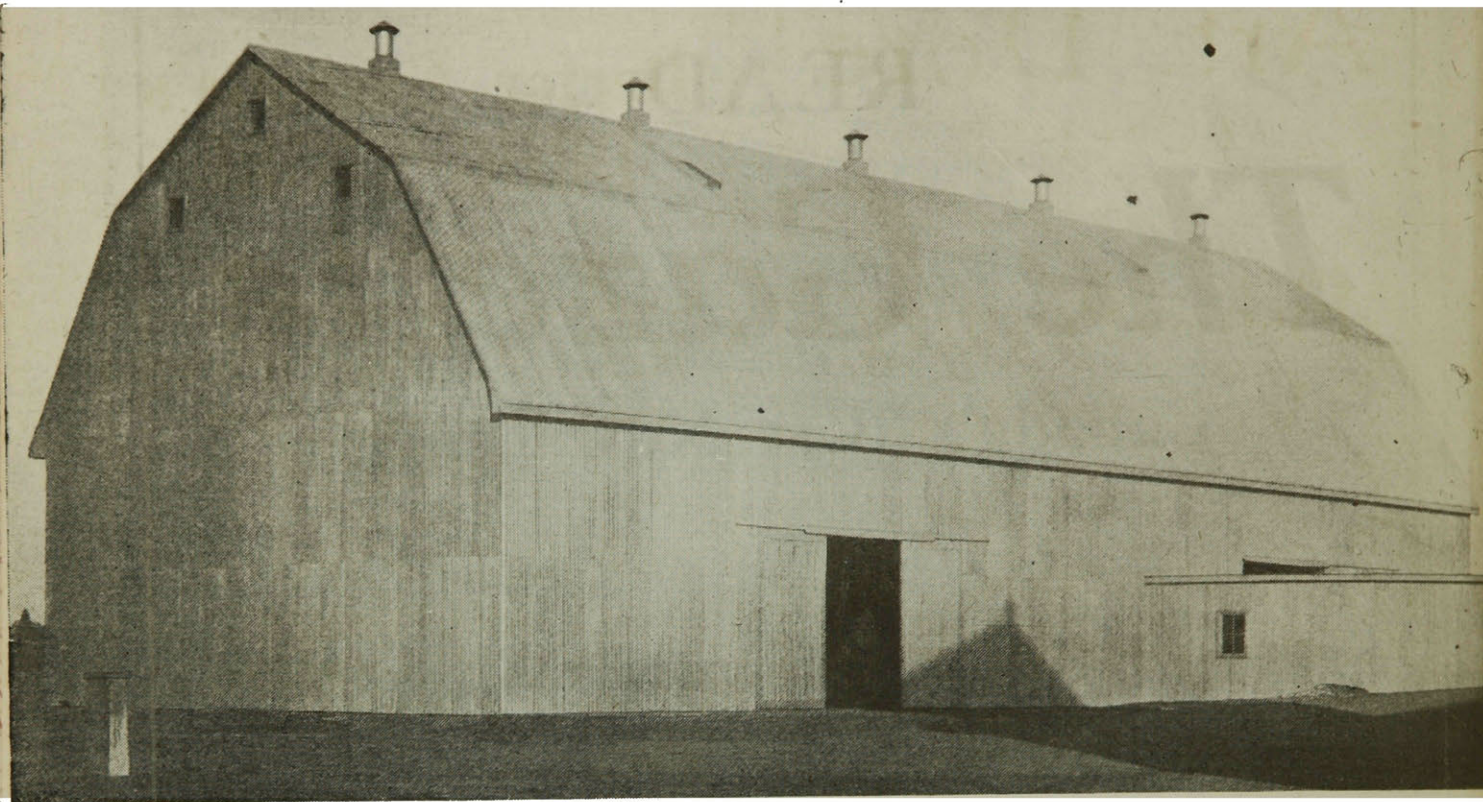
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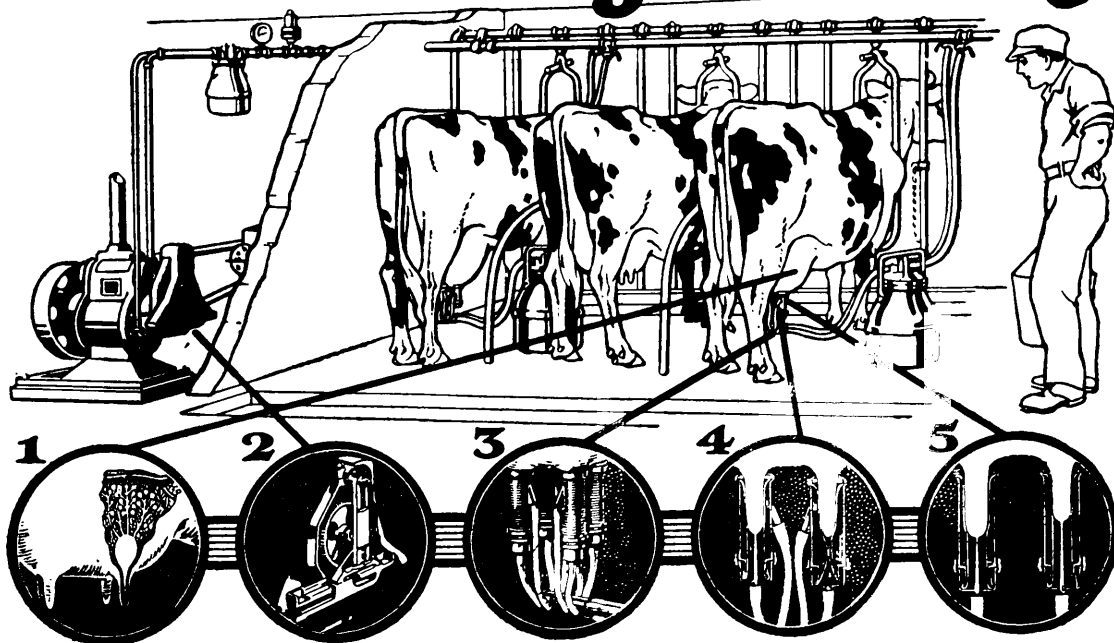
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